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ADULT READING

# Adam

VOL. 10 NO. 10

**THE STRANGE  
"BLUE DEATH" THAT  
STALKS DRINKERS!**

**CLAUDIA  
CARDINALE:  
Kitten  
With Claws**

**The New Horror  
That Haunts London**

plus three captivating  
Hollywood  
girls in the nude!



**SHE'S  
A  
WINNER!**

**A**BOUT A YEAR AGO ADAM featured a cover article on bombshell stripper Joni Carson of Chuck Landis' famous Club Largo on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. The article told how Joni (who has since replaced Miss Beverly Hills as the Largo's star attraction) got into stripping. "I had seen a story on Chuck Landis and his Largo Club in a magazine. Well, in that article Chuck said

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*This month's ADAM'S EYE is a howl!  
For more of beautiful Christine Reid  
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CLAUDIA CARDINALE: KITTEN WITH



RUSHING TO GREET US from the long, sleek sofa in the Beverly Hills hotel suite that was "home" while in Hollywood, Italian sex goddess Claudia Cardinale, purred like a fat, waxy kitten.

"Ah," she said in a delightful Italian accent, "the men from the magazine in Italy we do not have such magazines. All those girls without clothing. Tsk Tsk. We Italians are such prudes about nudity. . . most Latinas are you know. About sex, no. Nudity, si."

Then Claudia bade us sit and instructed, in very rapid Italian, her secretary to bring coffee. "Unless the gentlemen prefer something stronger?" Again it was a purr. Then she stroked back to the sofa and sort of settled into its contours. That was when what had been so obvious all along, struck like a thunderbolt. Claudia Cardinale is a cat. A sleek, beautiful pussycat.

As a matter of fact, it was the noted Italian director Luciano Visconti who first went on record describing Claudia as a member of the feline family.

"Claudia," Visconti said, "is a cat. A splendid cat stretched out on a beautiful couch, waiting to be petted but the man who would stretch out his hand to pet must watch out. The cat will suddenly become a tigress and sooner or later, she will tear apart her would-be tamer!"

With coffee in hand, we proceeded to ask Claudia some questions — after she told us that she does not drink coffee because she doesn't like the taste it leaves in her mouth. And naturally our first question concerned American men.

"American men," she said, throwing —turn to page 22

Claudia thinks American men aren't much on security — but good in several other ways



He fell in love with her voice, then fell apart  
when he found that he'd already had her body

# BIG BOB'S NIGHT OWL SHOW

by DAVID MADDEN

**T**HIS IS WCOG, your music, news and sports station in Nashville, Tennessee, the country musical capital of the world, 1200 on your dial. You in the mood for the finest female vocalist in the nation? Then, honey, who you're in the mood for is Kitty Wells, the Queen herself, and I mean this one is so shiny new, it ain't felt the needle yet. Friends and neighbors, Miss Kitty Wells, singing

"The Last Laugh Made Me Cry"—on the Big Bob Tenor Night Owl Show. Where else?"

With a twist of his wrist, Big Bob turned down the pot. "That ought to hold you silly sons-of-bitches a while." Lifting his index finger off the edge of the record turntable, he turned up pot 7, glancing at the monster needle with one eye, catching the orange flicker of the telephone signal with the other.

"WCOG, Big Bob, what for ya?"  
"I'd know that breathing anywhere."  
"All I've got on is the —"  
"Radio. That's what she said."  
"Who said?"  
"The one on the calendar."  
"Me, I'm on the bed."  
"Look, Anita, I got to cue some tapes."  
"When you gonna tape my measure-

ments?"  
"Listen, do I have to play the 'Star-spangled Banner' to let you know I'm coming off?"

"Devil!"  
Big Bob dropped the receiver into the cradle at his hip like John Wayne dropping his pistol into his holster, and revolved to the multi-tape machine in the dial box of one of them, he saw the orange flicker, but ignored  
—turn to page 9

# SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITION BY THE EDITORS OF KNIGHT

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# BIG BOB, from page 7

It takes set to roll, he announced Lefty Frazell with an old favorite, and jerked the phone up and slashed, "WOOO!"

"Softly, softly, softly, baby . . ."

"Who's this?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Not a speck. You all sound alike to me."

"You all who?"

"You damn telephone dolls!"

"My name's Morina."

"Come to think, you don't sound like the others at all."

"There's more to me than the sound."

"Take you figure there's more to me than my voice on the radio?"

"Why else would they call you Big Bob?"

Then she had never seen him in public, emerging dances and conventions. The photograph showed the wide shoulders, and with the voice, which was the main reason for the name, he did look bigger than 5'7".

"If listening to me keeps you up so much, how come you've never caught any of my pictures? Town's plastered with them."

"I'm from out of town."

"But not out of the state. That's Tennessee you're talking."

"Chattanooga. I'm in town to settle some of my husband's affairs."

"I stick to one at a time myself."

"No. I mean business affairs. He died recently, suddenly, and I'm penniless till next month. Then I'll be rich."

"You sound rich right now."

"I feel lousy."

"Hotel room?"

"Yes."

"View of the Parthenon?"

"Yes."

"Blue lights?"

"Yes, and not a soul on the streets."

"And me and Kitty Welles and Lefty Frazell on the radio?"

"With me—on the bed by the window, the lights out."

"And the bottle down—way the hell down, towards the bottom."

"Do I sound drunk?"

"You sound fine."

"I feel lousy."

"You said that."

"I'll say it again."

"I'd hate for you to."

"Well, I can sound happy."

"If you just had a good reason?"

"Yeah, a big reason."

"Ugh, there goes Lefty! Hold on, sweet breath."

Slipping the phone between two buttons on his shirt, he let go tape 2, then tilted through the rack for a soft one by Goldie Hill, who sounded a little like Morina. Fading out the tape,

he turned up the main pot. "Neighbors, had a call just now from a fellow who says he can't get Morina off his mind. She won't answer the phone, and he knows she's home, so he wants to reach her through Goldie Hill with 'Blue Midnight.' Goldie, honey, help that poor boy out, will you?"

Pulling the phone down under his shirt, he heard the dull thud of a line on which the other party had hung up.

The clock in Studio C said eleven forty-five. An hour and fifteen minutes until sign-off. She would call back. Some of them played that game.

But after he had spun four, all with tales that spoke to her, he decided that she was a one-shot girl. Impulse. A strange town, a kindly hotel room, a reckless, harmless moment, and that type ended it there. But girls like that stayed with him more hauntingly than the one who called every night.

When he was 16, he had never gotten used to the sense of complete deadness that set in progressively as he shut off the control board, the tape machine, the teletype, the coffee pot, then the studio lights last. The racks stood mute in the studio or squat on the tables. In that moment before he touched the knob, the stone-dead darkness seemed to rise up like a woolly blanket and hover at his back. Closing the door behind him was always a relief. But at the click of the automatic lock that December night, he realized that for the first time in ten years one other woman had failed to call. His wife.

PARKED DOWN AGAINST A CONCRETE wall under a vaulted, the motor running, the windows open a crack, Big Bob made love to Boots. But his mind was on Morina—her voice. "Softly, softly, softly, baby." And as Boots let



The orange light pulsed. "Big Bob, what can I do for ye, neighbor?"

"Hi."

"Hi, Boots."

"See you at one?"

"You better believe it."

"He parked in front of the bank."

"See you, Boots."

He hung up and hoped Morina would call. She was different. The same suggestive talk, but a distant, misty voice, full of genuine longing. "Softly, softly, softly, baby . . ." That got him. He kept hearing it, just the way it sounded over the phone.

A few more called before sign-off. Judy, Cacha, and Loretta. But not Morina. He put away "The Star-Spangled Banner" and went around the station turning out all the machines and the lights. In twenty years of broadcasting, once he got his first show back in the great days of radio

out the clutch and the car sped toward the parking lot where his Jaguar, a single black, sleek form was parked in an empty lot, he felt once again the absence of his wife's voice. "Bob, will you be coming straight home or are you going to stop at the Back Door for a drink?"

He almost never stopped at the Back Door. He went with Boots instead. Just before getting out of her old Mercury, he would swing from her flank, blurring the taste of her lipstick with the deep kiss of Heaven Hill to make his stay stick. The line he had handed Morina was true. Only one affair at a time. Hundreds called in a year, but only 12 were chosen, each lasting about a month. One at a time. He feared complications. So far, none of them had called him home. He kept them reasonably content from seven to one, on the radio and on the

—turn to page 47



# BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM

The best reason yet for recognition of China . . .



"THERE COMES a time in every girl's life," quips lovely Lyn-Tie, Hong Kong born Chinese singer and actress, "when she realizes that she either has to get with it or lose — I got with it. Which is kind of a sneaky way of saying that I'm a swinger — pure and simple."

Despite Lyn-Tie's "sneaky" method of statement, what she says is true. As a matter of fact, she's probably the "swingingest" thing to come out of China since the invention of gunpowder. Barely twenty-three, sweet Lyn-Tie has already accomplished such feats as feature-dancer at the Moulin Rouge, singer at the Pink Pussycat in Hollywood, and star of a stage rendition of "The Flower Drum Song" at the Melodyland theatre of Anaheim, California.





Aside from being successful in her career, Lyn-Tie has some pretty definite opinions regarding life (the way it should be lived), and men (why it should be lived).

"It all boils down to one word," she says, "love. I love life—and to me, 'life' centers around men. I guess it's my oriental upbringing that causes it, but if I'm with a man, or in the company of men, I'm always happy and feel like singing. When there are no men around—I feel sort of lost, aimless."

This philosophy is reflected in her choice of ultimate life-goal. "Some-day," she says, smiling, "I will have a man of my very own—a man who loves life and me, in that order." ☺

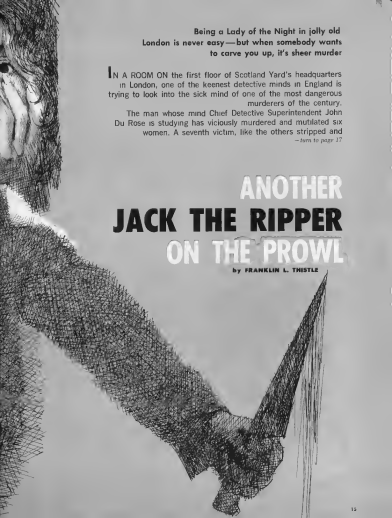


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Being a Lady of the Night in jolly old London is never easy—but when somebody wants to carve you up, it's sheer murder

**I**N A ROOM ON the first floor of Scotland Yard's headquarters in London, one of the keenest detective minds in England is trying to look into the sick mind of one of the most dangerous murderers of the century.

The man whose mind Chief Detective Superintendent John Du Rose is studying has viciously murdered and mutilated six women. A seventh victim, like the others stripped and

—turn to page 17

# ANOTHER JACK THE RIPPER ON THE PROWL

by FRANKLIN L. THISTLE



**COME  
AND GET IT!**

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**RIPPER**, from page 15

strangled, may now be lying somewhere in West London. And if he is not caught, there may be an eighth murder and a ninth... and more.

Apparently, the killer cannot stop his slaying spree. He appears to be obsessed with a sadistic sexual compulsion so strong it can only be satisfied with the death of his object.

Scotland Yard is well acquainted with this type of criminal. A dozen years ago it sent to the gallows John Christie. Considered by his neighbors to be a meek little man, Christie killed and buried at least six women and laid their bodies in the walls of his house.

Then, of course, there was the notorious Jack the Ripper. During his reign of terror that lasted 70 days in 1888, the bloody butcher sadistically slaughtered more than a dozen prostitutes with a moon-sharp knife. His carnival of carnage was counted out with such boldness and demented imagination that he became a symbol for all the terror that grows in city streets.

Jack the Ripper earned his name by always leaving his revolting unmistakable trademark—bravos, ears and nose sliced off, throat cut to the spinal column, and internal organs neatly removed. The Ripper quite likely killed as many as 20 prostitutes, as he promised he would in letters written in blood to the police. No one knows, for he was never caught.

Jack's first victim was Polly Nichols, a prostitute down on her luck. When police lifted her slacks, they found that she had been eviscerated. Eight days later, Jack disemboweled "Dark Anne" Chapman, another whore.

In a characteristically dramatic gesture, he mailed her kidney to Mr. George Lusk, chairman of the White-chapel Vigilance Committee, along with a personal message: "From hell, Mr. Lusk, or, I send you half the kidney I took from one woman, preserved for you, the other piece I fried and ate, it was very nice."

In every case, Jack the Ripper slit the throats of his hapless victims so swiftly that no one ever heard a sound. Although the mutilations were undoubtedly the work of a madman, they were performed with such surgical skill that Scotland Yard officials thought he must have been a former medical student.

Today, 78 years after the Ripper's revolting rampage, London is again gripped with fear as another sex-mad sadist stalks the streets in search of defenseless women.

The present murderer is known as "Jack the Stripper" because, like Jack the Ripper, he preys on prostitutes in

the dark streets of Soho and Notting Hill, drags them into alleys, strangles them with his bare hands, then butchers their bodies. But unlike the Ripper, he takes away all their clothing and even their cheap jewelry.

There is also another difference between them: Jack the Ripper had a grudge against prostitutes, whereas Jack the Stripper does not abhor them. In fact, he patronizes them.

Scotland Yard detectives believe the wave of sexual killings attributed to Jack the Stripper began in June, 1969, when the nude body of a shapely young 21-year-old girl named Elizabeth Figg was found lying under a tree on the bank of the Thames near Chelsea Bridge. Her dress, ripped to shreds, lay beside her nude body, but her underwear, shoes and stockings were missing. Marks on her throat indicated she had been strangled. Her body was covered with knife slashes.

Miss Figg, a small, slight brunette, was known to have made a very comfortable living at her trade as a "cotton," a slang term British police use for prostitutes who ply their trade in their clients' cars. She was last seen alive by one of her clients shortly after midnight. She made a date to see him again at 3:30 a.m., but didn't keep it. Her body was found by police at 5 a.m. They believe that she was strangled and strangled in a car and that her slayer then dragged her body

to the roadside.

Four years passed without a similar slaying. Then, on November 8, 1963, the body of Gwyneth Bees, 28, was discovered in a trash dump along the Thames near New Bridge. Her body was naked and mutilated. Investigation revealed that she had worked as a prostitute for several years and had been seen in automobiles with a number of men all over London. Her former clients were questioned by police without success.

On February 1, 1964, Jack the Stripper claimed his third victim. The corpse of Hannah Telford, a scrawny, red-haired, 30-year-old whore, was fished out of the Thames. Like the other strangled prostitutes, her body was naked and badly cut up. Nylon panties had been stuffed in her mouth. Police theorized that the Stripper had first choked and gagged her, then dragged her to the river and held her under water until she drowned.

Miss Telford was a known drug addict and often attended parties where sex organs took place. She had been convicted three times for unlawful soliciting. Police questioned more than 700 persons about her death to no avail.

Ten weeks later, the body of Irene Lockwood, a blonde, 26-year-old prostitute, washed up on the banks of the Thames a mile from where Hannah

—turn to page 18



"Oh, I beg your pardon... I didn't see your uniform in this poor light."



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#### RIPPER, from page 17

Tailford's body was found. Pregnant and nude, she was identified by a tattoo of a guinevere on her right arm. Like Hannah Tailford, Irene Lockwood had been choked, brutally mutilated and drowned.

By this time, Scotland Yard was convinced another Jack the Ripper was loose in London. In an effort to get a lead, police went to the Notting Hill apartment in which Irene Lockwood had lived. The landlady had nothing but the best to say of her and she always paid her rent on time.

"She liked to give parties," the landlady told police. "But her guests were always quiet and her private life was no concern of mine as long as she didn't disturb the other tenants."

In searching her apartment, detectives found evidence of her popularity. In a closet were boxes of pornographic pictures showing Miss Lockwood in all sorts of sexual embraces with a variety of men. Cans of lewd movie film were also found as was an address book with the names of her clients.

Police checked out as many of her clients as they could. The inquiry dragged on several weeks without making any headway. Then, on April 24, a fifth party-guy was found murdered near the Thames.

The body of the latest victim, completely naked, was lying face down on a rubbish heap. She was slender and very pretty. She had a tattoo on her left forearm. Her body had been savagely mutilated and there was no trace of any clothing.

A fingerprint check revealed her identity as that of Helen Bartholemey, 22, a prostitute who had been sentenced to four years in jail in 1902 for luring a man to her apartment where he was beaten and robbed by accomplices. However, her conviction had been reversed upon appeal.

By now, a grim pattern was becoming apparent to Scotland Yard. All of the murdered women had been short and slim, all had been strangled, and the killer had committed the same sexual perversion on each of them before dumping their bodies. And the crimes had been committed in the same area.

Helen Bartholemey's murder proved as boiling as the rest. London newspapers headlined the case and within days the mysterious strangler became the No. 1 topic throughout London. Reporters painted a frightening picture of a sex racist who drove his car around foggy London streets late at night luring prostitutes into his car to satisfy his bizarre lust for sex and bloodshed.

The newspapers reported that many

prostitutes, terrified at the thought that they might be the strangler's next victim, were leaving the city. Other reports claimed the remaining harlots had stopped selling their wares in their clients' cues and would work only in their apartments.

Scotland Yard remained clueless and warned that the killer might strike again.

He did. On July 15, the nude, strangled body of petite Mary Fleming, a 30-year-old prostitute and mother of two children, was found in a sitting position three miles from the site of the first murder. Another thread in the pattern was now clear. Except in the case of Helen Bartholemey, the Stripper had murdered at approximately 10-week intervals.

The next time, however, he waited a little longer. Shortly before midnight on October 23, Margaret McGowan, 21, a slim girl, left the Warwick Castle pub near Hyde Park with a girl friend named Beryl. Almost immediately, they were picked up by two men in separate cars.

The foursome arranged to stay together, Beryl told police later. But the car with Margaret McGowan in it disappeared into the traffic. Her naked body was found four weeks later, buried under rubble in a parking lot.

But at last Scotland Yard detectives had a lead. Beryl had caught a glimpse of the murderer and his car—an old Ford. Police immediately released an artist's sketch of the head of a man aged 30 to 35, about five-foot eight-inches tall, with a full face and brown hair.

Beryl, a buxom blonde who has been too frightened to allow her name to be published, said Miss McGowan's car never arrived at the trying place, nor did she appear later at the rendezvous they always kept after "working" hours. So the chances are that the driver that night was Jack the Stripper.

Other prostitutes started cooperating with police after Scotland Yard issued an appeal to "any prostitute who has been made to strip and has been assaulted" to call Scotland Yard headquarters where, they were promised, specially picked officers would arrange to meet any informant "when and where she wishes" without fear of arrest.

The impact of the appeal was staggering. Women who would never have dreamed of talking to a policeman responded.

In the first 24 hours alone, more than 120 women volunteered information about the murder victims or about male customers of their acquaintance who seemed, in Scotland

—turn to page 20

**ALTHEA CURRIER** is single, 34 years old and hails from Maine. A burlesque star and actress, Althea checks out at 56-34-35 in the ideal areas. She invites you to write to her about your problems. Althea will answer the type of questions readers of *ADAM* might ask, no matter how intimate. Or if you're just curious about something and think she might have the answer, write and address your letters to:

"ASK ALTHEA", KNIGHT PUBLISHING CORP., P.O. BOX 69512  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069

Dear Althea:

Yes I am a sex nut, but a sincere one. My problem is this:

I love to discuss sex and sex methods, on an educational plane with a well-versed woman.

With present company excluded, since I'm sure you are busy, can you give me an address?

I am 35—lost my wife, after 13 years of wonderful life, 19 months ago—since then have had sexual failure constantly. I need help. Thank you.

John Lewis  
Sherman, Texas

Dear John:

Can't give you any addresses. But if you're really a sex nut like you say, you might be interested in placing an advertisement in one of those wacky tabloids that get people together. You'll find any one of those kinds of papers at most newsstands—you can spot them by the screaming headlines about some of the more unfortunate sexual exploits of criminals and weirdos. If you're lucky, you might hit on a pen pal who shares your proclivities.

\* \* \*

Dear Althea:

I feel that I have been cheated. Let me explain: I dated this gal three times, and on the third time, when I started to make love with her, she said that she would only allow it if we first had "oral intercourse." The problem is that after that, she backed down and wouldn't make love with me in a normal manner. What I want to know is whether or not there is any way for a man to tell that sort of thing in advance—before he commits himself.

Fred Peters  
Lake Charles, La.

Dear Fred:

Short of giving hot-blot tests, I think you're fighting a lost cause. The only suggestion I could make is for you to keep trying until you find a gal that's compatible to your methods.

\* \* \*

Dear Althea:

Why is it that American Women don't know enough about sex? All women in America want to do is compete with men—even in bed—they even want to be just women, like they do in most European countries. Here, they have to compete—get better jobs, more pay, equal rights, seats in the government. Hell, in Europe the man is a king—here in the States, he's lucky to get to talk.

Harold Abelson  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Harold:

First: How much knowledge about sex is "enough?" I think you've probably just been seeing the wrong women. Concerning women competing—well, they've been doing that since the Suffrage Movement in the 1890's and nobody has been able to stop them. As for comparing them with European women I think it's about time that somebody pointed out that the night-club, substance, man-worshipping "foreign women" is almost a thing of the past. Even in Japan—where women were once on a level with coffee—they're starting to talk back to men... and get away with it. It just took the foreign girls a little longer to get on the bandwagon, that's all.

\* \* \*

Dear Althea:

We have a difficult problem which we think only you can answer for us. Three of us had intercourse with a girl on the same night, and now we find that she's three-months pregnant. We all feel responsible for her pregnancy, but we don't know where to place the blame. Should we draw straws, donate money for a doctor, or just try to be our way out of it?

The Waiting Ones  
Arden, N. C.

Dear Walters:

There seems to be a man on your type of problem—the reeking of babies. As I said in the last letter, see a lawyer. Better yet, has anyone thought to ask the girl? She may have something to say in the matter.

\* \* \*



Modern-minded lovely  
offers Adam readers  
advice on their  
most intimate problems

**"ASK  
ALTHEA"**



numbers and check out the owners the next day. They found they were talking to wealthy businessmen in luxury apartments, stock-brokers, artists and writers.

There is fear among the girls in "the jungle" these days, especially the small, slender ones, all of the victims have fitted this description. The girls now work in pairs. When one enters an automobile, the other takes the license number.

The girls cluster around themselves, in the grubby pubs in which they smoke, conversations of cars and race whose actions have given them cause for alarm. There is told to be a lot of banned customers.

Few prostitutes live in one place very long, which is one reason the race in their population went unnoticed until the present inquiry. They move whenever they think police have identified them and might arrest them under the Street Offences Act.

The Street Offences Act made it a crime to solicit in public. It went into effect in August, 1959. When Big Ben chimed that midnight, some 10,000 soiled Castorillas reluctantly returned to their own fissides. They did not vanish from the streets at the wave of a fairy godmother's wand, however. They were meeting to a far more powerful command—the threat of going to jail.

Police and Parliament congratulated themselves, prematurely as it turned out, on solving a problem which had plagued London for centuries. Despite its unsophisticated reputation as a quiet, old city, London had been infested with prostitutes since before the days of the first Queen Elizabeth more than 400 years ago. Thousands of their descendants still roam on the pavements of the West End every night, to the amusement of tourists.

The Street Offences Act was designed to clean the streets—and it did for a while. But it did not solve the problem. For the surprising fact emerged, as a byproduct of the police inquiry into the strangulation murders of six prostitutes, that there are now more harlots in London than there were before the loudly trumpeted law that was to fight them elsewhere.

The great mass of harlots work in the vulgar world of Notting Hill, Soho, Fiddlington and the skinner edges of Kensington. At night, the area blooms with pike box music and the prostitutes pool for patrons in bars or cars or sit in expensive rooms awaiting answers to ads tacked up in slummy store windows. "Dancer looking for post-time work," "Photographer's model—available anytime," and, simply, "Anne welcomes old friends and new ones," followed by a

phone number.

It is a crummy, transient world where people come and go and change their names frequently. A world of dope addicts, petty crime, sudden violence and a moral code that would make an alley cat look like an angel. A girl vanishes and no one thinks it unusual if, indeed, anyone notices at all.

The fact that the whores are constantly shifting around makes Du Rose's job more difficult. Twice recently he has sent out alarms for prostitutes not seen in their usual haunts on the possibility they might have been slain. Both were found after nationwide broadcast appeals.

Du Rose has amassed much new information about the twilight world in which vice and crime now operate in the metropolis, but he has yet to put the finger on the elusive psychopath called Jack the Stripper.

From the evidence he has gathered, Du Rose believes the killer either lives alone or in a female-dominated environment. His theory places the Stripper in a London suburb as a business or professional type with a facade of outward respectability.

His perversion—a mishmash of distorted sexuality and hatred of women—is so compelling that periodically he is overwhelmed by it and only another sadistic sex slaying can

temporarily appease his uncontrollable craving. The result has been a new chapter in the long, grisly British history of mutilation murders.

Du Rose knows that every murderer, no matter how cunning, sooner or later makes a fatal error. The chances of finding the man with the round face multiply with every additional killing. It may come when, and if, a seventh body is found.

Although he has been on the Jack the Stripper case for about a year with no concrete results, Scotland Yard's top detective is just as confident as the day he stated that London's present-day Jack the Ripper will be brought to justice. His associates have not lost confidence in him yet. But they don't call him "Four-Day Johnny" any more.

In any event, the police investigation has given the public a glimpse of the murky depths under the tourist London of jolly beefsteaks, peering house guards and cozy Old English Tea Shoppers—a glimpse they haven't had since the Christine Keeler sex scandal rocked the British government.

Meanwhile, the prostitutes of London are trembling more than usual in their beds—wondering if they will be the next victim of Jack the Stripper, one of the most savage sex maniacs the world has ever known. **D**



"How's my favorite wife?"

up her hands? "How many more times will I hear an American man ask me what I think of him? Always, it is the same question by the male reporter, what do you think of American men and always my answer is different and I get into trouble. O.K. — Rick Hudson taught me that, to say O.K. — you ask and I will tell you but next time I may say something different. By asking me the question and by being an American man yourself, you are answering the question. Do you understand me?"

We didn't. "Well if you were secure would you ask such a question? One great fault with American men is that they are always wanting to know what a woman thinks of them. Why come? Why is it important for me to say what I think of Americans? What I think, does that make them any more or any less men? But they really are wonderful, these silly American men. Like grown little boys. Charming, you say it in English. I have another word for them in Italian but it doesn't mean quite the same thing. It means like a big lovable doll. But I think there is one thing they do I don't like."

And what is that? "They ask too many questions and I also think they pay too many compliments. But then are good to their women. I like them. Does that answer your question?"

It did but we just had to pursue it a bit further, being American men. "Would Claudia Cardinale consider marrying an American?"

"Why not? But I doubt it. I don't consider marrying at all so I don't consider marrying an American. One thing I don't understand about Americans and that is their dining habits. They call up, ask you out and then where do they take you? To a crowded place to eat and dance. It is fun but not so good for romance. When a man romances a woman he should take her to a quiet place so he can be alone with her. A nice romantic place with violin music and fine food and wines. And soft lights. It is in such a place that I describe that romance blooms, not in a crowded nightclub where the music booms, booms in your ear and smoke gets into your eyes and there is so much confusion that you can never hear what is said."

"But that is romance and you asked about marriage. Marriage I just don't think about."

Now coming from a seemingly healthy twenty-five-year-old beauty with a fantastic figure, that seemed like a rather strange statement. So we asked Miss Cardinale to expand

upon it.

"I just don't believe in marriage. Love, yes. Marriage, no. At least that is how I feel about it now," she added with a toss of her bushy brows. "Tomorrow I may think different but I don't think so."

"But," we protested, "isn't marriage the ultimate destination of a love affair?"

"For you maybe. For me, no. When I love and I am with a man it is because I want to be. Not because of a silly piece of paper. A marriage contract. And if the love affair is a mistake, then I am free to leave. Flirt that is all. In Italy it is very easy to get married but very hard to be divorced. Sophia Loren is, in the eyes of our country, a bigamist, she and Carlo, because he is divorced. That is bad. Bad for them because of the law."

We asked Claudia if she has ever been in love.

"Often," she answered. "But I don't marry. Why should I marry each time I fall in love?"

And to that question, we really couldn't think of an answer.

While Claudia is considered something of a sexpot in America and in England, she, with an expression of amusement on her face, informed us that in Italy she is considered the "girl next door" type. "Sort of a Debbie Reynolds." Is her first film, *I Solt Ignor* which was made in 1958 and starred Vittorio Gassman, she became something of a sensation. Since that time she has made twenty-six films, the latest being *Blindfold* with Rock Hudson.

"I didn't want to become a movie actress," she said. "Almost, they had to drag me to the studio to make that first film. I was going to be a teacher. But I got through it and all of a sudden I find that men recognize me in the streets and they say, 'Look, there is C.C.' In Italy I am known only as C.C. most of the time. But it wasn't until my films played America that people called me Mary and I still don't understand that. I am not any like Loren or Jayne Mansfield. For one thing I am too small."

Does Claudia mind being considered a sex symbol?

"Of course not. In France men chase me in the streets. A woman who says she does not enjoy that is crazy."

Does one ever catch her?

"Only if I want him too. Now that is a thing I do not understand about American women. If a man stays at her in a cafe or on the street she is ready to call the police. In Italy we take it as a compliment. Women should understand that men are basically very romantic."

More so than women? We asked. "Most women aren't really romantic at all. Men — all men, regardless of the nationality — are romantic. When a man sees a girl and he admires her, I think he thinks about romance. But American women think he thinks about sex. Women think of sex more than men do."

"Why?" we asked.

"Why not? You should know what goes on in a woman's mind. Sometimes when she sees an attractive man when the chemistry is right. Chemistry is very important in a love affair. That is what comes first."

"And what," we asked, "happens if she meets an attractive man and the chemistry isn't there?"

"Nothing. Maybe they become friends. I could not have an affair with a friend. There has to be chemistry. I am attracted to two types of men. For friends I like men who are fun, who are very much extroverted and are leaders because I am exactly the opposite. But for a lover I prefer someone like myself. That type of man, one who does not talk much, I understand. I feel close to a man like that. I fall in love with quiet, studious men."

"And then?" we asked.

"Then it then. Maybe I could live with him. I love him deeply. Maybe I could live with him forever. I might even marry him but not right away. Not for a long, long time."

"And why not?"

"Because, like all women, I am a little. Maybe I would see someone I liked better or meet a man with whom the chemistry is stronger and I would fall in love with him. Then the love affair would end because I cannot accept cheating. Flirting and even dating another man for fun is one thing but I cannot cheat on a lover myself and I cannot accept it when others do it. I take a love affair very seriously. As seriously as marriage is supposed to be taken and when I do decide to get married, I will take that even more seriously but that will not be now."


"But you do plan to marry?"

"Plan? No. But it will happen. Maybe I will live with a man for many years and then we will be married. Maybe I will meet a man tomorrow and we will marry next week. The contract of marriage is not important and you give more of yourself when it does not exist but I know I will marry someday. Because I am a woman and eventually the need will come."

"And in the meantime?"

"And in the meantime, I am alive, darling. I am a woman, what else is there to be?"

What else, indeed? 



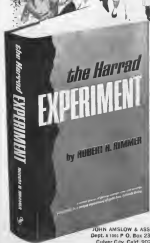
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## The sexaphonic sound of WAY-OUT (Mae) WEST...

THIS MONTH we have a couple of releases from Liberty which seem to be taking in a few steps beyond conventional folk-rock to give us something experimental in that same field.

The *Sassy Side of Cher* on Liberty's subsidiary label, Impersal, is not so "Sassy" for two reasons, neither one of them reflective on the quality of the LP *per se*. Sassy Bono, Cher's long time partner and nearly look-alike, has decided not to record this time, but to produce instead, and so his voice is absent from the LP. Secondly, the selections that Cher has chosen to sing are for the most part peculiarly un-"Sassy," much of their vocal content dealing paradoxically with the darker aspect of the day. "Bang Bang" (My Baby Shot Me Down) is about as self-explanatory as you can get. "A Young Girl" comments on unrequited love, and I can only assume that she reaches final self-destruction "lying there by the road" as the lyrics state. "Where Do You Go" and "Evasive Butterfly" are both sordid songs, the former for a purpose and the latter for a special kind of love. All in all, this is a surprisingly fine album, and I like the way Cher reassures her husky, honest voice through the instruments of the often minor melodies, two of which were composed by a talented fellow named Bob Lind. There are only two critical points I wish to make by posing the following questions. Who decided upon the rather implausible selection of "Old Man River" for Cher to record? And why do Liberty's engineers invariably place the artist in front of

it quite an interesting record and most certainly a highly entertaining one.

Robert Goulet is the only male singer I know of that can sing through his nose and smile at the same time (with the possible exception of Vaughn Monroe), and believe me it's not as easy as it sounds. Just try it only one of the microphones used to record, causing the voice to be heard through only one speaker of the sound system, instead of both. It's not only irritating, but also very un-stereo.

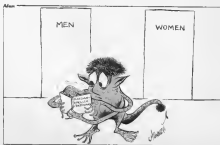
On the other Liberty release we have Jan & Dean once again, this time giving us *Folk 'n' Roll*, or at least that's what the title implies we should expect from the LP. However, after having listened to all of the tracks several times I come to the conclusion that this was not meant to be a "straight" album after all. Rather, it seems to be a satirical, tongue-in-cheek "folk-walk" through a handful of contemporary standards which have proved to be successful on the record charts. Among others, there is the Beatles' song, "Yesterday" and Bob Dylan's "It Ain't Me Babe." But of all the selections, "Hang on Sloopy" in particular gets my vote for being one of the sweetest tracks I've ever heard on wax, containing some questionable ad-libs such as "What are all these bees doing in here?" followed by a succession of wild, provocative slaps and nearly inaudible groans. And toward the end there is a distinctly soprano passage, but unfortunately I wasn't able to make up my mind who was responsible for these last few vocal moments. It could have been Jan or Dean or Rose Murphy, or then again it could have been all three. In any event, this

some time in any case, he (Goulet) on his current Columbia LP, *I Remember You*, manages somehow to sing his way through a treacly batch of old chestnuts without having a nosebleed. In all fairness, I suppose he must be given credit for that at least. However, when it comes to appraising the album as a whole, I'm afraid that all that can be said of it is that it's mediocrity at its best. And as for as I'm concerned, even that may be going too far out on a limb. Marty Manning, who arranged and conducted the listless orchestra, appears to have accumulated much of his musical taste from listening to Muzak. As for the singer himself, I suggest that he learn to play the trumpet and form his own orchestra immediately. After all, a replacement for Vaughn Monroe is yet to be found, and "Baring With the Moon," in my opinion, is due for a revival soon.

In sharp contrast to the static offering by Goulet is an excitingly warm and winful release on RCA Victor by Perry Como that really moves. It's entitled simply enough, *Lightly Latin*, but don't let this rather naive dedication from some promotions man at the Victor studios frighten you away. In his latest "effortless" effort on wax, Como has the good taste to surround his polished, richly-timbered voice with the tasteful and imaginative arrangements of Nick Perito, who incidentally also conducts the full orchestra. Compare this with the remarkable repertoire of songs that Como has chosen to sing, and you have an album where there is "a perfect matching of man to music." Leaving heavily on the bossa nova movement, the album is sprinkled throughout with the best songs from A.C. Jobim. In addition, we have a pulsating "Bum," a thoughtful "Mamba de Carnaval" from the film *Black Orpheus*, a tender "The Rose," and an interestingly done "Yesterday," which as we all know by now is a Lennon-McCartney tune. Incidentally, it's a perfect album for those irregularly romantic moments when you and "she" get back to your apartment after an evening out.

Lastly, guess who's recording again after an eight year silence? No, it's not Lizabeth Scott. It's Mae West on Tower Records, aka Capitol. Someone has surrounded her with four or five young males (average age: 15) who play Rock 'n' Roll and call themselves Somebody's Children. Recorded in "Sexaphonic Sound," Mae bounces through a number of the Top Ten tunes of the day from The Beatles' "Day Tripper" to Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman." The name of the LP is *Way-Out West*. As if I had to tell you.

-Dense Woodbury





'You like  
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yes, in zee  
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I like make you  
happy too!'

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*"But fix thy eyes upon the valley: for  
the river of blood draws nigh, in  
which bask every one who by  
violence injures others."*

CANTO XII, 46-48  
THE INFERNO OF  
DANTE ALIGHIERI

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT it a lot, man; like why Victor and I made that terrible scene out there at San Quentin, putting ourselves on that it was just for kicks. Victor was hung up on kicks; they were a thing with him. He was a sharp dark-haired cat with bright eyes, built lean and hard like a French skin-diver. His old man dug only money, so he'd always had plenty of bread. We got this idea out at his pad on Portrero Hill—a penthouse, of course—one afternoon when we were lying around on the sunporch in swim trunks and drinking gin.

"You know man," he said, "I have made about every scene in the world. I have bailed all the chicks, red and yellow and black and white, and I have gotten high on muggies, bluejays, redbirds, and mescaline. I have even tried the white stuff a time or two. But—"

"You're a goddam tiger, ddd."

"—but there is one kick I've never had, man."

When he didn't go on I rolled my head off the quart gin bottle I was using for a pillow and looked at him. He was giving me a shot with those hot wild eyes of his.

"So like what is it?"

"I've never watched an execution."

*He a the j. 24*

Like when you've seen and done everything, man, what is left but death?

# THE SECOND COMING

by JOE GORES







down beyond the horizon. I dug it all, the sail of a lone early yacht out in the Bay like a tossed-away paper cup, the whitecaps flipping around out by Angel Island like they were steered out of their minds, the top down on the 350-SL so we could smell salt and feel the icy bite of the wind. But beyond the tunnel on U.S. 101, coming down towards Marin City, I felt a sudden sharp chill as if a cloud had passed between me and the sun, but none had, and then I dug for the first time what I was actually doing.

Victor felt it, too, for he turned to me and said, "Must maintain cool, dad."

"I'm with it."

San Quentin Prison, out on the end of its peninsula, looked like a sprawled ugly dragon sunning itself on a rock,

to Hollywood.

"Whatever ye do unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do unto me," he cried in that ringing apocalyptic voice.

I grabbed his arm and dragged him back down off the seat "For Christ sake, man, cool it!"

But he went into high laughter and punched my arm with feverish enthusiasm, and then jerked a tiny American flag from his inside jacket pocket and began waving it around above the windshield. I could see the sweat on his forehead.

"It's worth it to live in this country!" he yelled at them.

He put the car in gear and we went on. I looked back and saw one of those cuts crossing himself. It put things back in perspective: they were from

Kodak some while they're busy dropping the pellets. We ended up inside the prison with our shoes back on and with our noses full of that old prison detergent-dandruff stink.

The politician type, who had these cold shifted eyes like a Sherman tank, started coming on with rick jokes but everyone put him down, hard, even the reporters. I guess nobody but fuzz ever gets used to executions. The Army stud was at parade rest with a face so pale his freckles looked like a charge of shot. He had reddish hair.

After a while five guards came in to make up the twelve required witnesses. They looked rank, as fuzz always do, and got off in a corner in a little huddle, laughing and gassing together like a bunch of kids kicking a dog. Victor and I stilled over to hear what they were saying.

"Who's sniffing the eggs this morning?" asked one.

"I don't know, I haven't been reading the papers." He yawned when he answered.

"Don't you remember?" urged another, "it's the guy who smothered the woman in the house trailer Down in the Valley by Salinas."

"Yeah. Soldier's wife, he was raping her and..."

Like dogs hearing the plate rattle, they turned in unison towards the Army lieutenant, but just then more fuzz came in to march us to the observation room. We went in a column of two's with a guard beside each one, everyone unconsciously as step as if following a cadence call. I caught myself listening for measured mournful drum rolls.

The observation room was built right around the gas chamber, with ringiers of benches for extra in case business was brisk. The chamber itself was hexagonal, the three walls in our room were of plate glass with a waist-high brass rail around the outside like the rail in an old-time saloon. The other three walls were steel plate, with a heavy door, rivet-studded, in the center one, and a small observation window in each of the others.

Inside the chamber were put three two massive chairs, probably oak, facing the rear walls end-by-side, their backs were high enough to come to the nape of the neck of anyone sitting in them. Under each was like a bucket that I knew contained hydrochloric acid. At a signal the executioner would drop sodium cyanide pellets into a chute, the pellets would roll down into the bucket, hydrocyanic acid gas would form, and the cat in the chair would be waned.

The politician type, who had this rich fruity burr like Bud Lee,

—turn to page 30



we pulled up near the East Gate and there were not even any birds singing. Just a bunch of quiet cats in black, Quakers or Monarchs or something, posturing capital punishment by their silent poise as they'd done ever since Chessman had gotten his out there. I felt dark frightened things move around inside me when I saw them.

"Let's fall out right here, dad," I said in a momentary sort of panic, "and catch the witness next week."

But Victor was in kickoform, like desperate to put on all those squirrels in the black suits. When they looked over at us he jumped up on the back of the bucket seat and speeded his arms wide like the Sermon on the Mount. With his tawny-shell shades and his flashing teeth and that stink which had cost three yards, he looked like Christ on his way

nowhere. The Middle Ages. Not that I judged them: that was their scene, man. Unto every cat what he digs the most.

The guard on the gate directed us to a small wooden building set against the outside wall, where we found five other witnesses. Three of them were reporters, one was a fat cat smoking a 45-caliber stogie like a politician from Sacramento, and the last was an Army type in lieutenant's bars, his belt buckle and insignia looking as if he'd been up all night with a can of Brano.

A guard came in and told us to surrender everything in our pockets and get a receipt for it. We had to remove our shoes, too, they were too heavy for the microscope. Then they put us through the groovy little room one-by-one to x-ray us for cameras and so on: they don't want anyone making the







Beautiful Christine (37-25-36)

## TRUTH-SEEKER

**"NO MATTER WHAT** I'm doing," says Christine Reid, lovely and successful operatic singer, actress and television commercial model, "I demand honesty, truth. If a man likes me, I expect him to say so—if he doesn't, I want that said as well."

Which isn't a very likely happening. As a matter of fact, when Christine played the lead in a stage rendition of "A Streetcar Named Desire," she received a standing ovation—and nobody, to date, has said that he didn't like her. . . .



declares herself as a "getter to the bottom of things . . ."





**ADAM's Eve**

Christine Reid



*Our heroes find that a property is a property, no matter where it's located*

# SATYRICON

*Containing the remains of Petronius as translated and reconstructed by* **PAUL J. GILLETTE**

## A Matter of Love and Legality: PART IX

**B**EFORE LONG, our energies had begun to wane. At this point, the officer produced some aphrodisiacs, which Enaulpos and I gladly consumed and thus refueled ourselves for further performance.

It was not until late that afternoon that we all decided to call it a day, whereupon the grateful woman and her daughter departed, expressing their gratitude, and Enaulpos and I had the officer a fraternal good bye.

Now, after having supped, the poet and I journeyed to the town square, where there was an exhibit of sculpture. We examined each of the pieces with interest, even though they were quite badly done, and might have then gone back to our lodgings peacefully had it not been that one of the sculptors asked Enaulpos' opinion of his work.

"I have never seen such hideous nonsense passing for art in the whole of my lifetime," my friend declared. "If I were you, I'd be ashamed to admit that I was responsible for the atrocities."

The sculptor quickly lost himself in the crowd, denouncing of avoiding further criticism, for his part, however, Enaulpos was wound up and could not rest until he had spoken his piece. Mounting the base of one of the statues, he faced the crowd and declared:

"This exhibition is an insult to the art of sculpture. I have never seen anything so heinous in my life. And you, foolish people, look at these statues as if they were really worthwhile creations."

"Dolls! Fools!"

"Is it any wonder that the age has become what it has? What has happened to the masters of old? Where are the painters and sculptors of merit?"

"Ah, we have ruined ourselves — and you, foolish people,

are responsible.

"What has done it?"

"Our love of riches, that's what. In olden times, when virtue was admired for its own sake, all liberal arts flourished and the only ambition among men was to make discoveries which might profit the age."

"It was in those times that Democritus, content with poverty, discovered the virtues of herbs, and, lest there be any hidden excellence in stones and trees, spent the rest of his life in experiments about them."

"It was in those times that Euclid abandoned the world and took up residence at the top of a high mountain, so that he might study the motions of the heavens."

"It was in those times that Crisippus went three times through the same study of physics so that he might better qualify his mind for invention."

"Lycurgus employed himself with one statue so diligently that he neglected the necessities of life and died a pauper. Myron, whose brazen images of men and beasts were so realistic that you might mistake his creations for living beings, starved to death."

"But look at us!"

"One age is so wholly devoted to drinking and whoring, and we're so far from creating that we don't even bother to acquaint ourselves with the works of art which are to be found in our very hands."

"Accusing antiquity, our schools have become seminaries of vice. What's our logic? How little do we know of astronomy? Where are our philosophers?"

"What master of eloquence could endure to hear speech mumbled, as it is every day in the pulpits and the market places? What wise man could suffer the noise?"

"The very Senate, which should show an exemplary conduct, is itself the occasion of doubtful events. Some sena-

— turn the page



SATYRICON, from page 36

ters lead more scandalous lives than the basest of slaves would dream of leading.

"You need not wonder why painting and sculpture are lost, when gold appears more beautiful both to gods and men than anything Agellus or Phidias are esteemed to have madly spent their time about."

"You are the ancestor of an entire race, my foolish friends. Because of you, the great Roman Empire will crumble and so too will civilization."

"This is my prophesy, and it will be fulfilled unless you turn yourselves away from your love of riches and return to the things of value. As it now stands, your lives are empty, you spend the day searching for gold and the night searching for a woman in whom to bury yourselves or for the penis of a young boy to jab vitality into your intestines."

Now, as Eumolpus had been speaking, the crowd grew more and more angry. Finally they began casting stones at him, some of which struck his head and made it bleed, he, as if expecting only the expected, covered his head and began shouting. Fearing that they would know me for his accomplice, even if I tried to deny it, I made after him.

When we were out of range of the angry crowd I said to him:

"I beseech you, my friend, what will we do with that disease of yours? You run at the mouth as a stuck pig runs at his wound. If you don't watch what you say, you'll get on both killed."

"This is a danger you must expect when you seek to tell the truth," he replied.

"Then why tell the truth?" I argued with him. "Why seek to instigate your beliefs upon others. Let them love their lives and you live yours, don't criticize them and they won't criticize you."

By this time, we were at our lodgings, we went inside and I divested his wounds in the room.

"We are the victims of our own base appetites," he moaned. "We have let hunger and thirst and sex run away with us, and we are now like children strapped to the backs of wild horses, unable to control the steed, only able to hang on and hope that the mercy of some gods somewhere might bring our treacherous journey to a safe end."

So saying, he wound me at the neck and began to massage me.

"Even now I am helpless to resist the temptation to poison you," he complained. "Even after decrying the sickness of the times, I find myself as much a victim as the others."

"Why resist?" I responded, yielding to his caresses. "Why not surrender to the body's demands like everyone else does and drink no more of it?"

"Because, my friend," he responded quietly, "as long as there is one man who will cry out the truth, even if doing so means he will be stoned, there is a chance for the human race, but, when the last of us gives up, when everyone has surrendered to his appetites, man will no longer control his own destiny. There will be no hope for the world, my friend, nor for the miserable people in it."

And, so speaking, he took me and pulled me against him. And in this manner we spent the night.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, Eumolpus and I took to walking the streets again and noticed, in the market-place, a woman of such striking physique that even the abundance of loosely-draped garments she wore failed to conceal her most prominent assets.

We followed her for half an hour, delighting in the view of her posterior, imagining all sorts of uses to which those exquisite buttocks could be put and speculating between ourselves about the anterior view, which he hadn't yet been fortunate enough to glimpse.

When she stopped at a fruit stand, we came to a halt be-

hind her and continued our inspection at closer range. Inspired by the vision, I turned to Eumolpus and said, in a low voice:

"I'd give twenty pieces of gold to spend but a single night with that charmer."

The comment was made, of course, in jest, in the manner of paying metaphoric tribute to the woman's amazing developments. My comment, however, was overheard by her, and she quickly turned to face us.

"The price of twenty pieces is quite satisfactory, sir," she told me. "I am available tonight, either at your lodgings or at my own."

I was astounded. I stood face to face with one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, and one whose front side was of such startling proportion that the magnificent rear paled in comparison to it.

Stunned, I was only able to stammer:

"Now. Your house."



Thereupon, walking about dazedly, I blindly followed her to her house, where I partook of such delights as might stagger even the most unbridled imagination.

Her lips were a fiery generator, charging my body to unimaginable heights of desire, and her hips were a gaudy receptacle that satisfied my ardor without diminishing it.

Such were the multifarious pleasures I experienced in her embrace that, without pausing to consume a single aphrodisiac, I continued to drink at the fountain of ecstasy until—more than sixteen hours later—I fell wearily to the floor, my thirst finally slaked.

Now, at the end of the sixteen-hour, she asked me if I had found the experience satisfactory. I replied that I indeed had.

Thereupon she demanded payment of the twenty gold pieces I had promised her.

For the first time, I realized the extravagance of my offer. Twenty gold pieces would diminish my fortune by almost

half I had been speaking metaphorically, but she had taken me literally, now, I seemed to have no choice but to come up with the twenty gold pieces I had so foolishly promised her.

"Have pity on me, madam," I pleaded with her. "I am a poor man, prompted to make an outrageous offer only by an all-consuming lust for you. I had not really intended to make the offer, but only wished the extending of it to act as a compliment to you, in starkly, twenty gold pieces is more than I have to my name."

My pleas did not impress her.

"You made the offer, sir," she replied. "I accepted it. You might have withdrawn it before we left the market-place, but you did not, instead, you came here and took your pleasures of me for sixteen hours. Now, you have no choice but to pay."

But, madam," I cried, "I haven't the money."

"A bargain is a bargain," she said coldly. "I have fulfilled my end of it, now, either you'll fulfill yours and as I'll take the matter to the courts."

Now, threatened thus, I grew obstinate. If that would be her position on the matter, I decided, then I would refuse to pay her anything, let her take it to the courts. Law required that prostitutes be licensed, she did not display a license on the premises, and therefore was acting outside the law. If she engaged in extra-legal transaction, she could not expect the law to aid her in enforcing its terms.

Having reasoned in this manner, I refined her payment whatsoever and returned to my lodgings. As far as I was concerned, the matter was closed and I had got the better of it.

Much to my surprise, the following morning I received a summons to appear before the local magistrate as defendant in a suit for damages.

In court, the woman—acting as her own counsel—argued as follows:

"Your honor, I am the owner of a piece of property which the defendant agreed to rent for a specified length of time for the price of twenty gold pieces. The defendant took possession of the property, used it extensively for the duration of the period of rental, and gave every indication that he found it to be satisfactory as previously represented to him. Since it is restricted property, I deem the rent not excessive, and therefore ask that judgment be granted to insure full payment."

Upon hearing this I was amazed, for I found her approach both novel and witty, nevertheless, I felt that she had no legal grounds and the case would be dropped by the magistrate as soon as I made it clear to him precisely what was the nature of the "restricted property" she had supposedly "rented" me.

Ernolpus, however, who had volunteered to serve as my lawyer—an offer which I foolishly accepted—decided to argue the case on her grounds.

"If I please the court, I confess that no client occupied said property and derived a degree of satisfaction therefrom," he told the magistrate. "However, upon assuming occupancy, he found that the property contained an unimproved well, around which he had to place his own stones, into which he had to sink a shaft and erect a pump. I feel that the labor involved in these improvements is adequate to offset the balance she claims due her, and thereby petition the court that the charges be dismissed."

At that point, the magistrate, an elderly man himself, however one not without much energy, called the woman before his bench.

"I think," said he, "that I would like to suspect the property before I arrive at my decision."

When he agreed to this, the magistrate declared the trial recessed until the following day, thereupon he proceeded with her to her house, where he presumably conducted a

vigilant and quite lengthy inspection, the termination of which occurred scant minutes before the trial was scheduled to resume.

In the courtroom he spoke as follows:

"Had the defense sought to invalidate the plaintiff's claim by accusing her of practicing prostitution without a license, the case might be dismissed. However, since the attorney for the defense has conceded that a rental of property had actually taken place, I must side upon the case as presented by the plaintiff."

"Now, having examined the 'property,' I find that there indeed was a well thereon and that there is every evidence that the defendant made the improvements his counsel claims. However, I cannot help but feel that, had the defendant not known the well existed, he would not have rented the property in the first place. Furthermore, it is obvious that, upon vacating the premises, he removed the stones, withdrew the shaft and likewise took away the pump. Thus, not only were the improvements temporary in nature and lasting only as long as the defendant's occupancy, but in departing he left the property in a less valuable state, for his activities with the well while he was a tenant left it a source of danger, particularly in regard to small children."

"Accordingly, I must rule in favor of the plaintiff, and hereby order that the defendant be imprisoned for a period of not less than six months, by which time, if he has not made payment to the plaintiff of the twenty gold pieces agreed upon, his sentence shall be extended for another six months."

Cursing the day I met Ernolpus, I plotted revenge, my post-friend, however, was more resourceful than I expected him to be. The second night of my imprisonment there was a fire in the jail, and during the activities of those trying to combat the blaze, Ernolpus slipped in, freed me from my chains and carried me off.

Apologizing for having lost the case, he pointed out that he had redeemed himself by starting the fire and arranging my escape, further, he said, the two days' time I spent imprisoned were certainly worth the pleasures I had enjoyed with the woman.

I agreed and expressed my gratitude to him, whereupon we returned to our lodgings and plotted the next move.

When it was discovered that I was no longer among the prisoners, a search most definitely would be instituted, therefore, we decided, the best move was to leave the city as quickly as possible.

"Give me your money, Ernolpus," Ernolpus said, "and I will go about the business of arranging our departure."

"Suppose," I replied, "that you decided to take it with you and leave me here?"

"This is no time to distrust me," he countered. "If you walk the streets, you may be recognized, therefore, your best bet is to leave everything in my hands and hide out somewhere safe until I have things arranged."

I thought of hiding out right where I was, but no sooner had we packed our bags than there was a great clamor outside, the police had come looking for me.

Together, Ernolpus and I coasted our things out the back way and took refuge in a druse bush.

"There is one hiding place safer than any," he whispered to me. "I'll advise you proceed to it immediately and wait for me there."

"And where's that?" I asked.

"The low-class whorehouse where we bought the plaque," he replied. "The last place in the world anyone would look for a high-class fugitive is a low-class whorehouse."

I agreed with his logic and immediately headed for the place.

(To be continued)

# DEAR ADAM

## ETHEREAL SPIRITS

I believe that in your last issue of ADAM (10-6)—on which you had "The Body of McKay" and "It's Your Funeral"—that you were in fact assisted in the formulation of the magazine by a person or persons outside your staff who like death and made specific other psychological suggestions. You may, if you wish, deny this to me.

Reinald Haffield

Flo Alto, Calif

**D** We call those "persons outside our staff" writers, Ron. And while they frequently make psychological suggestions, we're not sure as to whether or not they actually like death—or anything, for that matter. They always help in the formulation of ADAM.

## WANTS BETTER FICTION

I hope you have the nerve to publish this. In your magazine keeps getting "better" we can blot out the pictures and let children take it to school to read. What ever happened to the good, down-to-earth fiction that used to be in ADAM? When ADAM first came out they had some really good stories, now they stink. And don't tell me that "things will get better" either. I have been waiting a whole year for things to get "better," and nothing has happened so far. There, I said it and I'm glad.

I Wier

Fayetteville, Ark

**D** We are genuinely sorry that you've found our magazine lacking, Mr. Wier, but we ask that you give us one last chance. In this issue we have some not-alienating fiction ("The Second Coming," by Joe Green, and "My Bob's Nightclub Show," by David Middleton). If, after reading these stories, you still feel the same way, send another letter and we'll have the "nerve" to publish it, too.

## LIKES CHANGE

I want to be the first to commend the editorial staff for the "New Look" that has come over ADAM and the ADAM magazine situation—it was getting about time for it. I especially like the change that has become apparent in the fiction and articles in the recent issues—and the taking away of some of the old. In fact, now that the ads have been removed you have more room and can (I hope) have more fiction.

Terry Lee

Three Rivers, Calif

**D** Thank you, Terry—and as we said in the last letter, check the fiction in this issue. It should come up to your standards.

## VIVA LA HORTENIA

I thought your personality shot on Beta Station (in ADAM 10-6) was something that has needed doing for a long time. Any doll as beautiful as "Soyuzorg-Beta" is worth reading about. Keep up the good work, and let's see more (lots more) of Beta.

Wilton Tomlinson

Beno, Nevada

COMING, from page 31

Only the fuzz were unchanged, expanding no more emotion on this than on their targets after rapid-fire exercises at the range.

On no face was there hatred.

Suddenly, for the first time in my life, I was part of it. I wanted to yell out: *arr!* We were about to gas that stud and none of us wanted him to die!

We've created this society and we're all responsible for what it does, but none of us as individuals are willing to take that responsibility. We're like that Nazi nut at Nuremberg who said that everything would have been all right if they'd only given him more ovens.

The warden signaled. I heard gas seep up around the chair.

The condemned man didn't move. He was following doctor's orders. Then he took the huge gulping breath the M.D. had pantomimed. All of a sudden he threw this tremendous convulsion, his body straining up against the straps, his head slewed around so I could see his eyes were tight shut and his lips were pulled back from his teeth. Then he started purring like a baby in an oxygen tent, swiftly and shallowly. Only it wasn't oxygen his lungs were trying to work on.

The lieutenant stepped back smartly from the window, blinked, and poked on the glass. His vomit hung there for an instant like a phosphorous bomb burst in a bunker, then two fuzes were supporting him from the room and we were all jerking back from the mess. All except the politician. He hadn't even noticed: he was in Henry Millerville, getting his sex kicks the easy way.

I guess the stud in there had never dug that he was supposed to be gone in two seconds without pain, because his body was still arched up in that terrible bow, and his hands were still claws. I could see the muscles standing out along the sides of his jaw like marbles. Finally he flopped back and just hung there in his straps like a machine-gunned paratrooper.

But that wasn't the end. He took another huge gasp, so I could see his ribs pressing out against his white shirt. After that one, twenty seconds. We decided that he had cut out.

Then another gasp. Then nothing. Half a minute nothing.

Another of those final terrible shuddering racking gasps. At last, all through. All used up. Making it with the oagles.

But then he did it again. Every fiber of that dead wasted come-thrown-away body strained for an on this one. No air, only hydrocyanic acid gas. Just nerves, like the fish twitching after you smack it on the

skull with the back edge of the skinning knife. Except that it wasn't a fish we were seeing die.

His head flopped sideways and his tongue came out shyly like the tongue of a dead deer. Then that gunk ran out of his mouth. It was just saliva—they said it couldn't be anything else—but it reminded me of the residue after light-bulb restorers have been melted in an electrical fire. That kind of black. That kind of stench.

Very softly, almost to himself, Victor murmured, "Later, dad."

That was it. Dig you in the knee after, dad. Ten little minutes and you're through the wall. Muth Kurtz, he dead. Muth Kurtz, he very very goldenrod dead.

I believed it. Looking at what was left of that cat was like looking at a chick who's gotten herself bombed on the heavy, so when you hold a match in front of her eyes the pupils don't react and there's no one home, man, Northern End of the lineville.

We split.

But on the way out I kept thinking of that Amey stud, and wondering what had made him sick. Was it because the cat in the chair had been the last to enter, no matter how violently, the body of his beloved, and now even that feeble connection had been severed? Whatever the reason, his body had known what perhaps his mind had refused to accept: this ending was no new beginning, this death would not restore his dead chick to him. This death, no matter how just in his eyes, had gratified only nausea.

Victor and I sat in the Mercedes for a long time with the top down, looking out over that bright beautiful empty peninsula, not named, as you might think, after a name, but after some poor dumb Indian they had hanged there a hundred years or so before. Trees and clouds and blue water, and still no birds making the scene. Even the cats in the black suits had vanished, but now I understood why they'd been there. In their silent censure, they had been reminding the right gang, man. We are the ones from the Middle Ages.

Victor took a deep shuddering breath as if he could never get enough air. Then he said in a barely audible voice: "How did you dig that action, man?"

I gave a little shrug and, being myself, said the only thing I could say: "It was a gas, dad."

"I dig, man. I'm hip. A gas."

Something was wrong with the way he said it, but I broke the seal on the troika and we killed it in fifteen minutes, without even a knee to suck in between. Then he started the car and we cut out, and I realized what



# The End of the Time of Leinard

by Harlan Ellison

The sheriff cleaned up the town, but then he didn't know how to stop

**S**HERIFF FRANK LEINARD stood tensed, his hand poised somewhere in that limbo above the gun. His belly was drawn in and his legs were spread, tight as a roofer's grip. "I don't want to draw on you, Gus . . . don't make me," he said softly.

The breeze coming in from the west end of town ruffled his lank brown hair. It also ruffled the shirttail hanging from the pants of Gus Tabbert, poised opposite the Sheriff, down the street.

Tabbert swayed. It was obvious he was drunk. "N I ain't gonna make ya draw, Sheriff. But you ain't gonna take me t'no jail, neither."

The Sheriff's hard, square face grew even tighter. "We don't like drinks that make noise and shoot up the Palace, Gus. You know that. Now just settle back and don't make me draw on you."

There was a staggering movement from Tabbert, and he fumbled at his holster for an instant.

Frank Leinard's right hand slipped leather, brought the lag Colt free of the holster, and the August peace of the town was shattered by two sharp, quick reports, like a bullwhip snick-macking.

Gus Tabbert took a tentative step, felt at himself, and twisted forward, face-first into the dust. He was dead before he hit. He lay there with the gun halfway out of its holster, his legs crushed up under him as though he were a puppet suddenly devoid of strings. The breeze ruffled his hair.

— turn the page







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LEINARD, from page 43

"Look, Frank, you gotta understand something."

Pete Redallo, who ran the hivery, and was also the spokesman for the city council—what there was of it—stood with his hat in his hand. He stood before Frank Leinard's desk in the sheriff's office with three of his fellow councilmen. He had come to ask Frank Leinard to resign.

"You gotta know Buttsville ain't the same as it used to be. Things are changed, Frank."

Leinard was a big, rangy man, with small, deep-set eyes of black and a full, grey-dotted moustache. He wore heavy lumberjack shirts and no vest, and he exuded a great deal so that there were always two heavy, dark semicircles of sweat under his armpits. He was the 44 low on the right side, with the bawling things tied about his pants leg. There was a quiet competence about him, a strength, an assertiveness. He was the lord of man youngsters followed around with knives and whistle-sticks, begging for a little attention. He was the Sheriff, clear to the marrow.

His voice was soft, but never wheedling. Stronger than ever now, as he said, "How do you mean, Pete? Changed?"

Redallo twisted the hat. He looked to his friends for aid. They nudged him with their eyes, to continue.

"Well, like this, Frank. Ya see, before, when Buttsville was just getting started, when we was the end of the trail drive for everybody in this territory, we was a pretty wild town. Now we ain't bein' it what you done here, you made this a decent town for our wives and kids, Frank."

"That you got to understand something, Frank," Moss Ashley interceded. "You gotta understand that those days are behind us. Why, I can run the hidge across the Shawnee without no trouble 'all nowadays. Used to be that I'd have to drop down every man that thought he could pass without payin' my toll. But things is calmed down a mite, and there ain't no call for all the gunshakin' you do."

"Like I was sayin', Frank," Pete Redallo continued, asserting his position as spokesman with slight belligerence, "this was a wild town, and you came down from Kansas, and cleaned it up. Now we ain't bein' it you at all. It was what we had to have done, and you done it. We're mighty grateful for that. But, well, we, uh—"

"What're you tryin' to say, Pete?" Frank asked simply.

"Well, uh, well, there was just no call to shoot up Gas Tabbert that way."

"He was drunk and disorderly. He

draw on me."

Bedallo dropped the hat, a flush hitting his upper cheekbones. "You know Gus is oh-ays drunk, Frank. And the little bit of shootin' he did was nothin' compared to what used to happen when Con Farlow's boys used to hit town. It's just not right, is all."

Morn Ashley moved up beside Re-

should, no more.

"We're lots quieter now. The frontier days are gone. Frank, when you had to draw on every man who shot up a saloon, Gus was a friend to all of us."

"Gus was my friend, too, Morn," Leonard stuck in softly.

"That's what we're tryin' to say,

Leonard stood up slowly. He was a big man, over six feet, and they edged back wearily. There was no telling what burned beneath that calm surface. He put his hands out—fingers spread, palms flat—on the deck. His face was calm, as he answered them.

"What you're tryin' to say is, you want me to resign. That right, Pete, Morn, Karl, Anse? That it?"

They stammered and stammered and stammered. "Well, no, that ain't exactly . . ." or "Oh, you know how things are, Frank. . . ." and "Now don't get sore, Frank."

But he knew what they meant. It stuck up in their craws like a raw potato.

Leonard spoke quietly, surely. "You remember Louise Springer, the girl they had in schoolmarm 'bout three years back?" They nodded. His face slipped into an expression of sadness.

"Remember there was a lot of talk I was going to marry up with her?" They nodded again, and Anse Pfeiffer from the General Store added, "We never knew what happened then, Frank. Never thought it was our business to find out. No call to bring it up now, is there?"

Leonard nodded his head somberly. "Yes, Anse. There is just as there's reason to bring it up now that I've never been invited to your house for supper. Nor yours, Pete, nor Morn's house, nor Karl's. Why's that?"

They stammered again, each averting his eyes.

"When I asked Louise Springer to marry me," Frank Leonard said with a tinge of oddness in his voice, "you know what she said?" They did not answer. Each stared elsewhere. It was not an easy thing they asked this big man.

"I'll tell you. She said, 'No, I can't do it, Frank.' So I asked her why, and after a long while she told me, I had to look up a word with Doc Crenkell, 'cause I didn't know what it was. You know what she called me, you men? She called me a parish."

"You know what that is . . . answer me! You know?"

They shook their heads. His voice was hungry, and tortured, and stammering.

"It means an outcast, someone to one else wants to go near. So I asked her what she meant, and she looked at me like I was shot in the belly. You understand? Like she was sorry for me. Me! Frank Leonard, the Sheriff! Sorry for me. Then she went ahead and said, 'Frank, you're a good man, but they've hired you to kill and that's what you are . . . a hired gun. No matter if you got the law with you or not, you're a hired killer. And they know

—turn to page 46



dalle

"Look, Frank, I'll be honest 'bout this."

"You've gotten to being more than just Sheriff 'round here. The way some folks feel, you're the law entire. The mayor, and the council and whatall. And that ain't right, Frank. That is as much your town as it ever, but you don't act the way we figger a Sheriff

Frank," Karl Brekin from the D-Slash-D spoke for the first time. "When you had plenty of rowdies to tame, you were in fine style, but now that it's mostly families and such in Bartsville, you've taken to huntin' your meat in the townshole. We just want you to understand that times change, and the men gotta change with 'em, other-wise—"



# BIG BOB, from page 9

phone. He had refused to announce on TV Over-exposure, he argued. The magic was in the voice. Like well-water, it tasted best if drawn up from deep darkness.

His wife, Laura, provided him with a quiet, regulated, dependable home base. He pinned the boys who went home to hell. They usually played hell when they stayed, too. Laura was different from the wives he had heard about. She thought he was great when she married him, she thought him magnificent after ten years. She was a very good copy writer when he met her. A virgin copy writer. Now she was proud of being a house-maker in a ranch-style home in Crestview Manor. He liked to tell her that he'd just seen her on TV, testifying that the work on the left was whiter. That was the way she struck him, and that was the way she struck herself. He wasn't sure he loved Laura, but he was certain he liked her. He made love to her, though, only to keep her satisfied.

She appeared to be asleep, as usual, when he crawled into bed in the dark. Lying on his back, he heard Marina's voice in his head. "Softly, softly, softly, baby," and felt a hand slide between the bottom of his pajamas and stir the hairs on his stomach. Startled, he felt her turn to him, her breasts pressing against his arm, and before he could speak, her lips were on his mouth. Laura, who moved as love only on his coat, was all over him before he could ask what had come over him.

COOKED BACK IN the dentist's chair the next morning, his hands slipping in sweat on the green porcelain arms, the muscles in his open mouth and his jaw aching and locking, the drill cutting through the cavity, filling his mouth with dust, his nostrils with the smell of burnt decay, he wondered what had turned Laura on so ferociously the night before. He had not stored her up. In fact, he had never stored her up that hot. Just as the drill penetrated to a nerve, and he felt the pain even through the novocaine, the image of a man unbuttoning his shirt in his bedroom struck Big Bob. And the man was tall and big, but not because his name was Big Bob Travis.

URING THE RADIO audience that night to try baking biscuits with Mary Jane's self-raising flour, he stared at the volume needle as it bounced to his voice, and imagined Laura and her lower lying naked in the dark, listening to his voice the mellow yellow dial light glowing from the night table.

He span Homer and Jethro's "Tin My Own Crapshaw" as if spitefully to shatter their mood. He announced the wrong record at ten, played the wrong taped commercial at ten-thirty, flipped the wrong switch at eleven. He was sorry to the four women who called.

At eleven-thirty, he answered the phone with "How the hell you expect me to run a radio show with you people nagging me to death?"

"Softly, softly, softly, baby."

Suspicious of Laura, he had forgotten Marina. Now he forgot something else.

"Still winding up your husband's affairs?"

"Trying to."

"Why did you hang up last night? We were going good."

"I couldn't stand it."

He listened to her breathe. "I love that—the way you breathe."

"Not if I hadn't hung up. Not after that song you played me."

"Like a?"

"All of it put together took my breath away. Your voice, the song, the dark, the blue lights over the streets outside, are lying in the middle of this big bed—"

"By that little light from the dial hand on the radio?"

"Yes, yes—that little light. This may sound funny to you, but—it's sexy."

Big Bob laughed. "Hotel radio?"

"Transistor. Mine. When I move on the bed, the little light moves. When you talk, I hold it."

"In your hand?"

"Between my—well—"

"No need to be shy."

"I'm not."

"I have to take your word for it."

"It makes a tiny vibration right next to my heart."

"Through your dress?"

"No."

"Through your nightgown?"

"No."

Big Bob shut his eyes. "If my voice'll do that, imagine what a kiss or two would do."

"What if I had ten little transistor radios and placed them all over me?"

"What if I kissed you instead?"

"But I could have the ten radios at once, and you only have one mouth."

"You're talking to Speedy Gonzales, honey."

"Big Bob. Big Bob. Big Bob."

It burst in his mouth the way the radio bursts between my breasts."

"Laura, Marina, which hotel are you staying in?"

"Say, either my little radio's gone dead, or everybody in Nashville has the same trouble."

—turn to page 49



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"I have to get to work," he told the woman, who was still propped upon the bed. "But I'd like to say that I have never made love to a more knowledgeable woman. You're absolutely perfect—in every respect."

"Bigger," the woman interrupted him, "I'm not all that perfect. You see, I forgot to take my precaution and I'm afraid that now you'll have to marry me."

"Oh?" he replied, startled. "And what will you do if I don't?"

"I just couldn't have an illegitimate child!" she warned. "I'd shoot myself!"

"There, you see what I mean," he said, opening the door. "You're the perfect woman."

## IT'S CONTAGIOUS

A pharmacist friend of ours recently got the following letter:

"Dear druggist,

Will you please send me a book on personal hygiene? I think I caught a case of it last night."

## PATRIOTISM LIVES!

Overheard at our fabled watercooler: "The increased divorce rate indicates that the United States is still the land of the free."

"Yes—but the steadily growing marriage rate shows that it's still the home of the brave."

## A TOUCH OF THE MAGIC WAND

A young man had just bought a new convertible, and was happily bombing down the street when he saw a beautiful young blonde standing on the corner. He promptly stopped and asked her if she'd care to get in and go for a ride.

"Sure," she answered, wagging seductively. "But I think it's only fair to warn you—I'm a witch."

And she wasn't lying—before the young man had driven two more blocks, she'd turned him into a motel.



## KARATE!

The same friend, who drives one of those little German cars, stuck his hand out to signal a turn the other day and captured a traffic cop.

## MAKING ROYALTY

An exceptionally beautiful young actress, notably famous for her I-know-a-damn attitude, and having a new lover practically every week, was being interviewed by a news reporter upon her recent return from visiting Europe.

"I heard that you broke a lot of hearts in Europe," the reporter said, "not the least of which were several of the various countries' nobility. It is rumored that everything from kungs to dukes courted and chased after you. Did you have a good time with them?"

"My European visit was a simply marvelous adventure, darling," replied the actress, wrapping an obviously new mink stole about her creamy shoulders. "Simply a whirlwind of dross things and going places—and I managed to make every second count."

## WITH BULGING EYE . .

Then there was the peeping tom who stayed up all night waiting for the peeing of the village belles.



## ABOVE AND BEYOND

Heard the one about the Chicago censor who was killed in the line of duty? He climbed up on the runway to stop a stripper from disrobing and was bumped off.

## SENIOR PROBLEMS FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

The lady walked in to the doctor's office and sat tensely in the examination chair.

"What's the problem?" the doctor asked.

"My husband and I don't enjoy sex the way we once did," she answered.

"How old are you, ma'am?"

"I'm eighty-two," she answered.

"And how old is your husband?"

"He's eighty-seven."

"I see," the doctor smiled. "And when did you first notice this lack of enjoyment?"

"Three times last night," she answered, quickly. "And twice again this morning."

## SURE-CURE

Then there's the one about the drunk who walked into a bar and ordered a drink without moving his lips. They were covered with a thick, brown-white, hard coating.

"My god, Ernie," said the bartender upon seeing him. "What's the matter with your lips?"

"They're chapped," Ernie replied—still without moving them.

"What's that stuff you have on there?"

"That's chicken dung," Ernie answered, sipping his drink slowly.

"Chicken dung?" the bartender exclaimed. "I didn't know chicken dung caused chapped lips."

"It doesn't," said Ernie, matter-of-factly. "But you sure as hell don't lick 'em."



BIG BOB, from page 49

more chance. He didn't take it. He wanted for Monica to call. He rehearsed what he would say to her.

Some country music singers—three men and a girl—dropped by the studio to chat with him over the air. He hurried them out, afraid Monica would call while they were there. In a room full of smoke and perfume, Big Bob was lighting another cigarette when the orange light pulsed.

"Before you cuss me out, let me tell you why I had to hang up."

"I'm listening."

"My husband came in the door."

"That'd hang anybody up. Who let him out of the grave?"

"I told He's not dead. I didn't mean for us to come this far. That first time—"

"Was on impulse."

"But then the second time was pure evil."

"Now, it's worse."

"Don't be mad."

"I'll live."

"I didn't say I wouldn't call you anymore. I've got to. I've got to see to it. It's the only thing in my whole day."

"Night, baby. Night."

"But I want all day long."

"Then at night your husband walks with you?"

"That's just it. He's on the night shift."

"We've got that much in common."

"I wish you had more."

"Listen, Monica, that's just what I got to have. I can't take this long distance stuff."

"Oh, you don't need me. You've got all those other girls."

"Voices just voices."

"Never more than that?"

"Off and on, a lot more than that. But only once in a life time someone like you."

"What am I but a voice like the the others?"

"If I knew what it was, it wouldn't drive me so crazy. You say the same words. Not as vulgar as some—no where near as vulgar as some..."

"Tell me what to say, and I'll say it, if it'll make you feel good."

"It won't. Don't say anything like that."

"Then what is it? I may be ugly as sin, for all you know."

"Except you're not. And you've got a nice, soft shape."

"You've got a vivid imagination."

"Telephonic braille."

"Bob, I want to make love to you."

"If you mean it, say it again. If you don't, disconnect that goddamned phone."

"My husband—"

"What about him?"

"He's not a bad guy."

"He's not a good lover."

"He's a good provider."

"He'd love to hear that."

"He sets me up with an automatic washing machine and dryer and dishwasher and deep freeze and color TV and doesn't gripe if I have my hair done twice a week."

"What else can a woman crave?"

"Ordinary affection and shading love."

"You're reading that from a plaque on the wall."

"But it's true, Bob. He surrounds me with all that machinery and convenience, and he's a blur, bleached as white as the Monday wash. And you know what he sees when his eyes are turned in my direction?"

"More than I do."

"I'm as alive to him as a TV screen at four in the morning."

"No young'uns?"

"None."

"How come?"

"We haven't looked into the cause. I think he's afraid to."

"Hold on, I've let it go two hands. Better feed them people a bushel or two of corn, then I'll be right back, with Hank Williams in the background."

Casting Monica at the top of his voice in the empty radio station for hanging up again, Big Bob saw the orange blinker.

"WCCC?"

"Well, you needn't bust my eardrums."

"Cording whose eardrums they are, ma'am."

"Mrs. Farrell, next door."

He started to ask her if she had on her shorts nightie, but a feeling of dread blacked that out.

"Anything wrong?"

"Fancy you should ask. Now, I'm not certain anything's wrong at all, but I thought as your neighbor, and one of your loyal fans, I ought to let you know what little I know."

"About what?"

"Well, last night—I don't think you were home yet. No, I heard your pretty little black Jaguar come purring up the drive twenty minutes later. Well, last night, I was gulping down a pill when I saw a man moving around outside your bedroom window."

Thanks for nothing. "I appreciate your telling me, Mrs. Farrell. Be glad to pay you back with a good ol' Roy Acuff record. Like to request one?"

"And if I ain't mistaking, there's somebody out there now."

Looking through the glass into the dark studio C where a male stood like a tall thin man, casting a shadow, Big Bob felt a chill go up his spine.

"Should I call the police?"

"He'll, no! I mean, please don't. I'll take care of it."

"Yeah, that might be best, Big Bob. You never know. It may not be what you expect. You know? Man works night shift, he— Shut up, Bill! A man works the night shift, he—Dumst, Bill, turn loose the phone. 'Xcuse me, Big Bob, my bus—"

"Shut hell out of her!" said Big Bob, when he heard the receiver slunk down at the Farrell house.

Laura didn't call. Boots didn't call. Nobody called. He called Lou. No answer. He called Cindy. She said, no, she wasn't listening to WCCC, and he got the message. In the middle of dialing Clara, his elbow struck the pick-up arm and it scratched across the new Jess Sheppard LP, and he spent three minutes on the air, trying to pick his way out of it, and five minutes trying to keep from telling the station manager, Rex Lester, to go to hell. Then it was time for "The Star-Spangled Banner." He left all the lights on when he went out. But the stars were dark.

GRADY CARSON was twice as fat as Mrs. Farrell. He didn't wear a shorts nightie and he wasn't gulping down a pill. He wore a double-breasted suit with flaring lapels like an extra in a James Cagney movie of the thirties. He chewed the end of a cigar that was dead when Big Bob came through the door ten minutes ago.

"I listen to you all the time, Big Bob," Bob smiled, wearily. No pause, please, he thought. "I can't make my wife turn you off."

"Thanks," said Big Bob, sarcastically.

"A pleasure."

"How much will this cost?"

"Not so fast, Big Bob. I don't rush into nothing, Big Bob. I gotta be sure."

"About what? That I got the money?"

"You got the money. No, I mean about you being sure. You get it in your head to change your mind right in the middle of it and think what a mess that puts me in. I gotta know for damned sure."

"Find out. Tell me. Find out soon. Then I'll pay you what ever you ask. I'm not stingy."

"Five hundred. I'll dump it in your lap before you know it."

"When?"

"If we're lucky, tomorrow night."

"That quick?"

"It's a simple operation. The guy usually calls. When he does, we're always there."

"Wire tapping?"

"Sure. Just like when you talk to people over the phone, and tape it to







# SHE'S A WINNER!

from page 2

**Levely Sandra decided to become a stripper after reading a story in ADAM!**

he was always on the lookout for new girls so I wrote him a letter and sent along a picture of myself in a bathing suit. He wrote back and told me if I ever got out to Hollywood he'd give me an audition and that did it. With about a hundred dollars in my pocket and the letter from Chuck promising me an audition, I bought a bus ticket and headed for California.

That was how Joni Carson got into stripping. But this is the story of Sandra Darnell and how she got into the fine art of the strip tease.

Sandra read the article on Joni Carson in ADAM. At that time she was working as the cigarette girl in another Sunset Strip club.

"I'd had several jobs. I'd been in Hollywood about three years and had worked as a clerk-typist, a sales girl, a model and had just started in a club that featured a Beatles type band. I think I'd been there about a week when I read the article on Joni in ADAM. I put down the magazine and looked at myself in the mirror. I said something like, 'old girl, if she can do it, why can't you?'

"Anyway that rock and roll music was driving me batty. It's o.k. for the customers. They listen to it because

they want to. But when you work in one of those clubs you have to listen to it. There is just no getting away from it.

"The next day I called up Mr. Landi and asked him if he still was on the lookout for new girls—the way it said in your magazine. He gave me an appointment.

"I have to tell you that my heart was beating pretty rates an hour when I went up to his office. Sure, I'd always had sort of a secret ambition to become a stripper but I'd never thought I'd actually be applying for a job at such.

"But Mr. Landi was very nice. He talked to me a few minutes about the usual stuff—what I had been doing, the jobs I'd had. It was just like applying for any other job at first. Then he had me walk back and forth across his office a few times. That was when I really got scared because it looked like he was frowning! Then he called in the woman who helps the girls dress and had her fit me out in a costume. Then we went down stairs and I walked back and forth across the stage a few times. By that time I'd figured it was pretty hopeless.

"You can't imagine how surprised I was when Mr. Landi told me I was

hired.

"And that was when I really got scared. I had no idea what it would be like to take my clothes off before a whole room full of people but I really didn't have much to worry about.

"At the Lingo before they let you go on stage you've rehearsed so much that it just seems to come naturally. I think I'd spent about fifty hours working out a routine—with Mr. Landi directing me—before my opening night.

"But I was still pretty nervous the first night I went on stage. As a matter of fact I was so nervous that my hands were trembling. Joni Carson had put replaced Beverly Hills as the Club's headliner and she kept looking at me while I was putting on my make-up. My hands were shaking so much that I was getting gunk all over my face—and the fact that she and the other girls were there only made me more nervous.

"Finally she took me aside and said, 'Look, kid. There's nothing to be shook up about. Those people out there are paying to see you. They want to see you. You concentrate on giving them their money's worth and you'll forget all about your nerves.' And she was right. I shut the about them and once out on the stage I forgot all about





"Stripping is fun and I enjoy my work. Besides that it pays well and I enjoy it..."



myself."

Sandra was born in a small city in Northern California. "I had the usual childhood," she told us. "Went to school and made average grades. My ambition in high school was to become a nurse. I even entered nursing school after getting out but I soon found it wasn't for me. The first time I observed an operation I fainted. That really ripped that career in the bud."

"Then I moved to Hollywood. In the back of my mind was the idea of getting into some phase of show business but I really didn't know what. I just sort of bounced around until I read the article on *Fori* in *ADAM* and made up my mind that I'd put my body to

use and become a stripper."

And Sandra has the body to put to use. She curves to a 38-23-37 that has made the Club Lupo customers sit up and take notice.

She told us that she keeps in shape by swimming and playing baseball.

"I belong to a girl's baseball team. Last year we set some sort of a record by losing more games than any team ever had before in our league! But it is still fun. In fact it was fun to lose because we got sort of a reputation like the Mets. You know, people were disappointed when we did win a game."

We asked Sandra if she indulged herself in any luxuries now that she

was pulling down a sizable paycheck in her new career.


"Yes. A maid. I hate housework. I think it's dull and the first thing I did was hire a maid to keep house for me. And I spend a lot on perfume. I love perfume."

As to the men in her life, Sandra says there aren't any right now.

"Nothing steady anyway. I enjoy dating but I don't want to get married for several years because I think it would be very hard to stop and be married too. What if I got pregnant?"

To that we had no answer. You can't tell a lady everything you think!





*One minute you're there, the next — poof! — you're ashes. Never a dull moment for drinkers*

**H**ISTORIANS CAN'T pinpoint just when the first caveman stumbled over a gourd of forgotten grape and found it fermented. They only record that this happy event was followed forthwith by the formation of the first temperance society.

Teetotalers' techniques have varied over the years, but the wildest scare story of all was the Spontaneous Combustion approach. Dickens believed it. Dostoevsky mentioned it. Doctors swore that it happened. And in enlightened 1966, a subrosa belief in it still smolders.

*—turn the page*

## TEMPEST IN THE TEAPOT: SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

by Jeremy H. Greene







Dickens held forth for another full page, citing the famous case of Countess Banti, and quoting Le Cat, the noted French surgeon who had recorded several spontaneous combustion deaths. Then Dickens tackled on a case of his own: a dentist in Columbus, Ohio, swore he had seen a local tavern keeper burn to death.

History's best-known chronicler of the strange *mal de fièvre* was Pierre-Aime Lair, who in 1800 in Paris published his "Essai sur Le Combustion Humaine produite par un long abus des liqueurs spiritueuses."

Summarizing all the cases from the past, and there were plenty, Lair found eight conditions common to all SC deaths. All the victims were heavy drinkers, they were all women and middle-aged. All caught fire accidentally, and in all cases, some parts of the bodies, usually fingers or toes, were spared.

Lair found that objects near the bodies were never touched by the fire, but that burning was so intense that water couldn't extinguish it. The smell was always thick and noxious, just as Dickens described it, and the sootily-fallout was usually enough to bring the neighbors running.

From these findings, Lair then soared on to a whole catalogue of conclusions. He was sure alcohol was stored in the body because he personally had smelled it 24 hours after the charring of one woman. Women were victims because they were more delicate, more sedentary, and spent more time in closed rooms.

Lair broke with Le Cat over the cause of the initial ignition. Le Cat said it was spontaneous. Lair insisted that there had to be a fire source, as in the Caen case where a woman went up after blowing out a candle.

An earlier spontaneous combustion was recorded at Copenhagen in 1692 by Jacobus. The woman had been devotedly drunk for three years. One night she took fire in her sleep and was reduced to three fingers and a skull.

Lair and his fellow loved Countess Combea Banti of Ceirese, who lit in her bed one night in 1863. Her legs and arms lasted the fire, although the body was in ashes. Three fingers turned to coal. The whole house was permeated by an oily mist so offensive that a hungry dog wouldn't eat a piece of bread found downstairs in the kitchen.

The countess' drinking record is lost in time, but it was reported that she took a nightly bout in companioned sprints of wine. Still, it gave Lair plenty to think about. After all, he'd seen watches burned at the stake, and it took whole wagonloads of faggots

to consume the bodies. Yet these victims accomplished glorious, hungry, immolably hot fires all by themselves!

Then there was Marie Clever, a run-around hag who prowled the house at night sucking her pipe. At 11:30 one night, she locked herself in her room. By 5:30 the next morning, the neighbors were goggling in the streets over the smell. Lar himself entered the bedroom two hours after the well-done remains were found. He noted that nothing was burned but Marie, not even some delicate furniture near her!

Grace Pitt, the wife of an Ipswich fish peddler, was another pipe-smoking woman. She oversmoked while celebrating the return of a son from Gibraltar. It was in April, 1794, according to the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London.

Cecce was found "stretched out on the right side with her head on the grate, the body extended on the hearth with the legs on the floor... consumed without apparent flames."

"On beholding this spectacle, the daughter ran in great haste and poured two large vessels of water over her mother to extinguish the fire, while the fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from her body almost suffocated some of the neighbours."

Grace's head, arms and thighs were burned, and the trunk resembled a "heap of coals." Yet there had been no fire in the grate or candles!

There was a newer, more exciting angle in a case of spontaneous combustion reported by Le Cat at Rheims on February 20, 1725. The wife of a man named Millet got a glow on one night. By the time the townsfolk discovered where the smell was coming from, Madame was a pile of vertebrae, part of a skull, and a couple of fingers.

Milk attendants? Checkers? The chic little maid who completed the message a trait. Even in 1725, there were those suspicious sportspeople who were sure that spontaneous combustion was just another way to spell murder.

Millet eventually beat the crime-of-passion rap, but he died a ruined man. Others, over the years, weren't so lucky.

Perhaps coincidentally, the forces of prohibition were marching ahead in those years, buffeted forward by such masterworks as the 1774 treatise, "The Mighty Destroyer Displayed, in Some Account of the Dreadful Horrors made by the mistaken Use as well as Abuse of Distilled Spirituous Liquors." And that was only the title.

A woman in Boston was found ablaze in her chair on February 22, 1749. A friend who tried to slap out the fire found his hands slight. Even

—turn to page 60



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## TEMPEST, from page 59

water couldn't put her out. Marie Jauffret torches off in 1779. Mile Thaur, an old maid, put away three bottles of wine and a dram-sipper of eau de vie the day she incandesced.

There was the priest of Bergamo. And the somewhat ripened corpse in Pisa that exploded. And three noblemen in Cornwall who never should have started that drinking contest.

The list had only to be paraded out once, and any intelligent reader was a candidate for the Pledge.

Johann Heinrich Kopp entered the field for Germany, with his *"Ausführliche Darstellung und Untersuchung der Selbstentzündungen des menschlichen Körpers,"* which was published in 1811 at Frankfurt.

Of the eighteen cases Kopp cites, some were personally known to him, and some were men. Most, he states, were alcoholics and weakened by illness or old age.

Kopp opted for ignition by static electricity, which was in vogue that year, and said that the fire was caused by hydrogen burning in the tissues. This was, at least, a leap forward from the doctor who had written earlier in Leyden that some men and animals shot sparks out of their eyes.

Lair winds up his essay with a howl to the abstinence forces, which was quoted for years afterwards in America: "Young persons distracted by other passions are not much addicted to drinking, but when love, departing with youth, leaves a vacuum in the mind, if its place be not supplied by ambition or interest, a taste for gaming, or religious fervor, it generally falls prey to intemperance."

"May men never forget that the vine sometimes produces very better fruit—disease, pain, repentance and death!" By the 1830's, some American physicians were even blaming the cholera epidemic on the bottle.

Lair's famous essay was brought to America in an English translation which appeared in the *Empire of Arts and Sciences*, published in Philadelphia in 1812. Lair's warning was clear, or was it?

Following his spontaneous combustion warning in that volume, there was an article on how to grow grapes for wine.

By the time *Crime and Punishment* appeared in 1868, spontaneous combustion was apparently so fully accepted that Dostoevsky could mention it in simple passing.

Raskolnikov had committed the murder and is looting through the newspapers for news of the crime. He reads the lead stories, "an accident on a staircase, spontaneous combustion of a shopkeeper from alcohol, a flee in

Pavia . . .

An obituary in an 1897 Danville, Illinois daily mourned, "The death was tragic, but since the deceased was a heavy drinker, he was expected to die soon of spontaneous combustion anyway."

Early in this century, George Bernard Shaw, hearing of the hotel-fire death of a friend trapped, "Must have been spontaneous combustion." He was joking, but his contemporaries knew what the term meant.

America's chief spokesman for the SC forces was Dr. Thomas Trotter, a jet fighter in the temperance ranks,

ready to die, a sad lump of skeleton, screaming caution.

The hue and cry were earned forward by Schofield, Trotter, and a Dr. Nott, who called drinking a "violation of the laws of life." Spontaneous combustion was, he intoned, a "token of God's displeasure."

What they didn't know was that much earlier, the alcohol theory had been found faulting. Museum specimens, which had soaked in alcohol for years, were set afire. The outer skin would burn away, and there the fire would stop.

J. C. Furman dramatized spontaneous



His favorite story was quoted from Dr. Peter Schofield, who was certainly no nitwit in his day.

Schofield, who practiced in Ontario, reported that he was called in one night for a 25-year-old man who was liquored well beyond his years. Schofield wrote, "I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

A blacksmith had found the man flaming in his shop, where no fire had been burning. He jerked the victim to the floor, which smuffed out the flames. But for thirteen days, Dr. Schofield watched the young man

combustion in two pages in his recent book, *"The Life and Times of the Ghost Demon Rum"* and chalks it all up to primitive science and proboscitec hysteria.

Actually, other theories did appear to take the spotlight off alcohol as the culprit. In 1894, the suspect was carbon monoxide, accumulated in the body because the person spent too much time sitting in overheated rooms. To prove it, the researcher kept a rabbit for 109 days in a CO-rich atmosphere, then set fire to it.

He had to stow a scooter for eight months in the polluted air before it

would burn with any enthusiasm. Even then, the fire didn't have the scorching, scolding power of the combustion that had reduced whole humans to lacy ashes.

Still, most of those who believed in spontaneous combustion at all, went on pointing the finger at booze. The fight isn't over yet.

John Rothbone Oliver published *Spontaneous Combustion—A Lascivious Curiosity in Chicago in 1937*. He ties up Kopp, Lair, and Schofield, and re-unites all the old French and English cases.

Even after taking out the fatman, Oliver concludes, you have to admit that some of those old doctors certainly knew a burned corpse when they saw one. And anyone who hangs around a crematorium can tell you that people just don't burn that easily.

Besides, there were scientists of the caliber of Le Cat, Schofield, and Vinç-d'Azur who saw it happen. There was the mystery of why furniture and floors didn't burn, even though a waterlogged body had steamed away to ash. No, Oliver wasn't going to be the one to say it couldn't happen, but he does venture some views on why it hadn't happened lately.

First, says Oliver, we're quaffing a better quality of corn these days. Second, we have fewer open fires, from which a spark could start something. "We very seldom see an open fire, and heat comes from radiators or similar arrangements," he writes.

"I do not believe that the most pronounced alcoholic could produce a spontaneous combustion by sitting on a hot radiator. She might burn herself, but not burn herself up. In modern life, therefore, it becomes less and less likely that alcoholics come in direct contact with flames."

"Almost all the cases that we have cited from our three authorities were poor people who had to get drunk on very little money and who must, therefore, have been forced to buy the very lowest, vilest type of gin and other spirits. We may, therefore, feel more or less assured that if we restrict ourselves to really good Scotch and Rye and if we avoid open fires and sit on radiators, we shall not, in all probability, combust spontaneously."

The history of the baffling blazes was reviewed in 1952 for the Northwestern University Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science by Dr. Lester Adelson, an instructor in legal medicine at Western Reserve School of Medicine.

Spontaneous combustion, he says, "a relic of an age which loved the marvelous, the miraculous, and the seemingly inexplicable, which thrilled the mind and imagination of scientists

and layman." Belief in SC died, because "Only the slow process of intellectual attrition and gradual intellectual awakening placed (it) in (its) proper focus."

Was spontaneous combustion just a hoax, thrown up by the rising not of prohibition sentiment? Or did these dozens of victims actually brine to ashes at their doctors' said they did? If they did, how important was alcohol?

Lapier did seem to be to blame in most cases, but not all victims were drunkards. Writing about spontaneous combustion in the British Medical Journal in 1922, Dr. Dumas Martin told of patients who formed such inflammable gases that they were burned belching.

Every so often, we read of an unexplained fire death, and we wonder. Allan W. Eckert, writing in *Time* magazine, listed a number of recent burnings, including a woman in Shekardford, England who burst into intense blue flame in the middle of a dance floor. Within minutes, she was a pile of ashes. That was in 1938.

In 1951, a St. Petersburg, Florida woman burned away, according to Eckert, in a case so bizarre that both the F.B.I. and famed pathologist Dr. Wilton Krogman could not explain it. Dr. Krogman's experiments with burning flesh and bone showed that it would have taken temperatures of about 5000 degrees to do what had been done to the poor woman.

No inflammable fluids were involved. Lightning and electricity were ruled out. So was the possibility that she had been burned elsewhere and brought back to her living room. Surrounding furniture was barely touched. And yet a 175-pound woman was reduced to ashes weighing about 10 pounds.

The case is still unsolved, as are others that Eckert chalks up to spontaneous combustion. He tells of a baby found dead in its crib in Rockford, Illinois, a woman who burned in her rocker, a 1950 burn in Benecia, California. None were officially labeled spontaneous combustion because no responsible authority will say that such a thing exists.

Many burning deaths remain unsolved. And many people are willing to go on blaming booze for it.

Prohibition flared, and then died to doom-laden that even tales of blazing bodies can't awaken it. But still the questions come: Does spontaneous combustion exist?

Long years ago, the temperance flag was run down the SC flagpole. But it stays folded in folklore, ready to unfurl again.



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# THE STARS FORETELL

by RICHARD VON ASHBY



CANCER



**IMPORTANT!** Look only at your own sign, and keep your nose out of other folk's Astro! The laws of the stars are almost military in precision, and . . . after all . . . you don't see no General mooning around his Priories

#### MARCH 21 TO APRIL 20 (ARIES)

This sign comes down to us from the ancient codexes. It means "Belonging to Harry," so don't go around taking Aries' stuff, see! One of the stars in this House, Ficus 3, is a dwarf star and very hot. Another, Zeph 16, is crossing its path. So what you get, you get this hot dwarf being messed with by a star which got no idea how mean a hot dwarf can get. This means you can look for some pretty nasty surprises this month. If this is your sign, best you get in bed and cover up. And stay there for 30 days. True, you'll have a stinky bed, but it's your own damn fault for being born an Aries!

#### APRIL 21 TO MAY 21 (TAURUS)

This sign originated in the ancient and very backward country of Sursat. In their language, Sursat is a filthy word which caused them no end of embarrassment when they sang their national anthem. A synonym for this word, however, is Libab which in reverse is Bull. This is of considerable industrial concern. —turn the page





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## STARS, from page 63

to people who have been charged by a reversed bull. Because when this funky Libb backs into you the fit hits the Shant! This month the House of Taurus is under heavy influence by Mars and Pluto 3. Also by a rocket which the Russians lost. It all adds up so that you should trust everybody. Lend money! Cash checks for strangers! Consign your brother-in-law's notes. I promise, you will get just what's coming to you.

## MAY 22 TO JUNE 21 (GEMINI)

This means "The Twins," and was invented by a frustrated Florentine who had failed three times at inventing Halloween. Originally it was "Jim and I," but you know how lip-sloppy folks are. Taurus people are acting up like rats. Find rich men who read this column and clean up. Send me half as a love offering. Now, for all you girls who are Gemini's, this promises to be a sweet, beautiful month. You see, honey, right now men are interested only in your fine mind and in being your charm. So if a man asks you to visit his apartment, or to week-end with him in his Ford camper, why you just go right ahead. What he's after is, he's after a nice platonic relationship. Think of him as your big brother!

## JUNE 22 TO JULY 23 (CANCER)

Genius dames are acting like rats. Find peachy ones who read this column, meet a Ford camper, and clean up. Send me the ones who enjoyed it all. What to expect from this month? It ain't just all happy. Evil influences are forecast for the following undertakings: Crashing a '58 Eldo into Stalin's tomb, petting black partners in zoos, and drinking while stoneboarding on the Ventura Freeway. Do more of these things. Instead bring four Gemini girls and a case of Scotch to my house. (Incidentally, this sign means Crabs. So maybe you better be extra careful when picking the babes!)

## JULY 24 TO AUGUST 23 (LEO)

In ancient Babylonia this sign meant Metro Goldwyn Mayer. So right away, all you smart asses should tumble to the fact that things are going to be pretty damn confused for all you Leos, you poor kids. During this period Venus is in ascension and all ready, but no planet is going to make it up to her. She is over-relied and under-attended, and you know what! about a Venus scorned! So hide. Maybe hide by changing your job. Try both skidding in downtown Panama. That's a wife. As for poor Venus, don't worry! I have a tip from an Astrologer buddy in Florida that a Ford camper has just been launched from Cape Kennedy. part

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## AUGUST 24 TO SEPTEMBER 22 (VIRGO)

Critch, have you lived up to this symbol of your birthday. You know it means Virginité? Oh... I see! Yes, I understand. There was this guy with the cute little Ford camper, and he... How awful! Seven times! No, Sally Mae, you can't be a technical Virgo. Modern Astrology has something better for you. Read on!

## SEPTEMBER 23 1/2 TO OCTOBER 22 1/2 (NEON)

Boy, are you lucky! At considerable expense, I have invented a new sign for you which I have named after Leon Neen, the inventor of dirt. (After all, someone had to find a way of using up surplus soap, didn't they?) Neen is for all of you who haven't cut it under your natural birthday. It gives you a chance to change, a second wind to blow (you'll excuse the expression). The stars having big influences are Mars, Noel Howard, and Anita Eckberg... because, after all, if you were born under Neen it was kinda exposed and public, wasn't it? Your Kindly Astrologer holds franchise rights to this sign, so simply send ten dollars for membership and to cover my living expenses. Your birthdate will be sent you. A pebble. Your lucky numbers (in Blackjack) are 7 and 14. You're welcome.

## SEPTEMBER 23 TO OCTOBER 22 (LIBRA)

This is a rotten sign you got yourself born underneath. It means "Librany" (or "Book")... I ain't too sure) but if you got born under either one you gotta be sorta odd. Better you should go back and not come out until you've had a 14 month pregnancy, you'd be better off. In looking at your rather smuggy Astrological Blueprint I find I would not only not want to be in your shoes, but not even in your bare feet! For you, buddy, everything is coming up stink cabbage. I put my hat over my heart. (If you like, though, I can get you in mums for \$10. Think it over, fat's food!)

## OCTOBER 23 TO NOVEMBER 22 (SCORPIO)

According to my calculations there's gonna be three full moons this month. (I use the multiplication tables on the back of a Big Five school tablet, so my figuring ain't far off.) So, I want all you Scorpis to watch very close for tell-tale signs like a great increase in body hair, your teeth getting awfully long, and your rash growing out. Either clean yourself up, or see the casting director at Universal. If he don't co-

operate, eat him. (I want you, though, a casting director is awfully hard to clean.)

## NOVEMBER 23 TO DECEMBER 21 (SAGITTARIUS)

What you are is, you're closely tuned to Venus, which is going "Twinkle, twinkle." This means you are being turned on and off... like you could leap at a lady, then jump back off. Best you stay off the streets. Or maybe find you a Sagittarius gal who is also twirling.

## DECEMBER 22 TO JANUARY 19 (CAPRICORN)


Your birth sign looks like the result of a man who has been feed to a fat snake. This is probably what makes you so nasty. The stars indicate you should get into some constructive activity with your hands... like counterfeiting or raising checks. On your luckiest day the thing what happens to you during this cycle is that you will get mugged and they will fall lower down on you. Lots of laughs like this in store. Have fun!

## JANUARY 20 TO FEBRUARY 18 (AQUARIUS)

Saturn is out conjunctioning with Venus, so don't nobody go out and look up! Bear? (Hey ladies, if this is your birth sign and you want to see something kinky, sneak a peek through the skylight at the stars. Orgasme peep

shows for all the kids in your neighborhood gang. Charge 25 cents and send me half.) This sign means that you're on the wagon or raising fish. I ain't quite sure, but just to be safe, wash good, anyway. Your lucky number for this month is Zero (0), which I admit I don't understand none too well unless it's got something dirty to do with Venus, who is up there all open in flagrant delicious conjunction with Saturn. But, after all, modern Astrology ain't no Green Office!

## FEBRUARY 19 TO MARCH 20 (PISCES)

More bountiful interest in the Astral racket has been halted because of this sign, on account of beginners can't pronounce it without being on the Berkeley campus. The proper pronouncing of it is "pse-keys," or is it "pse-shin?" I dunno, call it something but make it anything than "psees." In almost any company saying it this way will brand you as a drymouth amateur. Aside from learning to pronounce your sign OK, nothing much else is important. You'll get your lungs without knowing nothing about all the scientific and intellectual jazz. Just remember that Psees means (probably) "Faily" or "mighty queer" and that your harmonious clothing colors are Heliotrope, Lavender, and Lane-Rose. Wear them all together some night. And remember me to the Vice Squad, sweets. Happy coupling! 



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**BIG BOB**, from page 51

towel over the mouthpiece. She'd just finished wiping off the kitchen table where she ate her supper alone. Then she laid down on the bed, and that was what she said. After she hung up, she held there in a hot fit till you come home. That's when I left you two love birds together. I respect the privacy of married lovers, see. No Hell, keep the rest of the money. The pleasure's all mine. Now get out of here while you can still get up out of that chair."

"SOFTLY SOFTLY, softly, baby."

"Mamma."

"You don't sound like yourself tonight, Bob. The way you introduced that Kitty Weller song. It sounded odd. I had to call. Are you all right?"

"Mamma, I'm coming to you tonight."

"Please, honey, don't start that again. We can't do it."

"Listen, Mamma, and listen very darned carefully. If you don't give me your address, I'm going to do something really crazy. I don't know what, but it will be crazy and you will wish I hadn't done it, and so will I. But I've got to see you."

"You mean it, don't you?"

"I mean, I love you to where I'm a desperate man." He wanted to say her name, Laura, Laura, Laura, but the moment he was setting up would be worth the delay.

"Then promise."

"What?"

"That you'll wait until you sign off."

"Promise."

"235 East Court Street, Bob, I love you, I love you so much I—"

She hung up.

Bob dialed Rex Lester, the station manager.

"Hello, Rex. This is Big Bob. Listen, I'm putting on an LP, then I'm leaving the control board. You got roughly thirty minutes to make it over here before the dead air sets in."

"Yeah, Big Bob. Very funny. A real gut-buster."

"You don't believe me?"

"Sure."

"Tough if you don't."

Bob tossed the phone into the cradle and, without looking, reached into the rack behind him and put a record on the turntable.

"This is WCOG, your music, news, and sports station in the country music capital of the world, Nashville, Tennessee. You're listening to Big Bob Night Owl Show."

Five minutes later, he was in his driveway, slipping out of his Jaguar. Leaving the motor running he ran into the house.

She was gone. For a moment he

had a wild sense of certainty that Laura was, after all, out with some man, maybe even with Carson himself. Then he saw the note on his pillow, held down with a small transistor radio that he had given her for Christmas so she could move through the house and into the yard, and have his voice always with her while he was broadcasting. Midway band music was coming from some other station, he imagined.

"Dear Bob,

I'm leaving you. I tried to stay with you, but now I know for certain you don't love me. You're in love with a girl named Mamma. You want her so much that I know I can never mean as much to you as she does. When I heard about you and other girl named Boots, I called you up to ask you to come straight home. I wanted to talk with you about her, to find out if we could still live together and be happy. But while the phone was ringing, I had an impulse to disguise my voice, just to see what you would say to a strange girl calling you up. It made me feel so odd to hear you talking to me, thinking I was some sexy girl in a hotel room that I kept pretending, thinking any second you would catch me, recognize my voice, even though it was disguised. And then I realized that it got me excited, hearing you talk that way. So I did it again, every night last week and tonight too, because you never talked to me, like that. But it made me feel so cheap, and I hated myself for doing it, till I felt like some kind of whore on something. I can't live with you any longer. I'm not going to tell you where I'm going. You'll probably be glad I'm gone. Now, you won't have to slip around with girls like Boots and Mamma. Mamma had to you that first night, about being in some hotel room. I'll call you one last time from the airport, then tonight I'll be on a strange hotel bed in a strange town, listening to a strange voice on the radio.

Love, Laura."

He stood beside the bed with the note in his hand, and the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner" made him feel that it was very late and that every bone in his body was weary. But the bedside clock said seven-thirty and then he saw that the radio dial was on 1240 and realized what would be had put on the turntable. The cymbals crashed, the bass drums rolled, the trumpets blared. Then stopped. And as he heard the needle scratching at the end of the record, he fell over on the bed and wept. Big Bob tears.





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